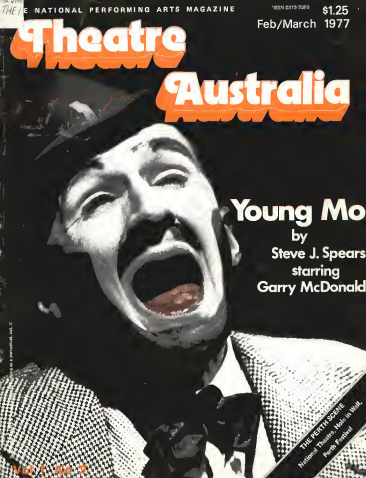


Feb/March 1977

Theatre Australia



Young Mo

by

Steve J. Spears

starring

Garry McDonald



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Gregory's Map 6 - C10

Theatre Australia

ISSN 0013-2080

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL PERFORMING ARTS MAGAZINE

Feb-March 1977

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Cover/Garry McDonald as Mo in Steve J. Spent's 'Young Mo' Page 24 Photo: Peter Haskinnes.



Steve J. Spent (centre) at the Music Theatre Forum, Page 8 Photo: Gordon Clarke



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**THE OLD TOTE
THEATRE COMPANY**

**SEASON TWO
1977**

**A SEASON OF 10 PLAYS, RICH IN VARIETY
AND DRAMATIC EXCITEMENT —**

3. Plays at the Drama Theatre, Sydney Opera House
3. Plays at the Parade Theatre, Kensington
4. Plays at the Seymour Centre, City Road.

THE END TO THE THEATRE COMPANY – SEASON TWO 1977

Please send me an information-free brochure for the above series. I wish to be included on the Old Time's regular mailing list.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

Mail this form to: The Subscription Manager, The Old Time Theatre Company, P.O. Box 1, Kensington, N.S.W. 2033

Comment...

As we go to press, the most heavily publicised show business ventures are the Edgley circus and the Elizabeth Theatre Trust sponsored tour of two plays: *The Two of Us* and *Pleasure of His Company*.

Each venture is presented in terms of its international status—and probably the preliminary campaigns splashed around enough money to make sure of at least break-even box office.

For Edgley's circus that seems far enough. We don't get enough of them in the flesh—and our own Buller's hebra have a slice of the action as well) and Ashton will probably benefit and recede anyway. If it is really successful, it should help feed the current swell of popular theatre, after all something does seem to be happening on that front. The top music halls in most states are turning people away. Steve Spear is currently exploiting the weekend and team rathemated of vaudeville with *Young Mo* in Sydney, everyone seems to be doing Hibberd's song and gag *Toast to Melba*, and one of the A.P.G.'s greatest successes, *The Hills Family Show* is now on the road in a three state tour just as their *Soapbox*, acrobatics with music, has Edgley's circus both relates to our current scene and is a commercial non-competitor with it.

The other—John Thew and Sheila Hancock in Michael Frey's *The Two of Us* and Stanley Holloway and Douglas Fairbanks Jr (Douglas who?) in *The Pleasure of His Company* is something very different. We've just seen a big promotional splash on Peter O'Toole's *Dead-Eyed Ducks* . . . and now this. Why?

Surely it would take no casting genius to get two looks for the Frey's two-hander who could, with a similar promotional campaign, turn this rather ordinary actors' vehicle into a success? Why, then, does a body that has done so much for the development both of art forms and artists in this country—the Trust—choose to invest its money into importing?

The Trust is a public body disbursing public funds. This venture is an unequivocally commercial one. If it is viable then it should be on a commercial not (even partially) a subsidised basis. If it fails why should the Australian taxpayer foot any of the bill? Public money for the arts is, *inter alia*, to allow a local industry the right to fail, that failure should somehow be identifiable with the national interest. It is hardly the case here.

A GREAT DOUBLE BILL FOR 1977

Douglas Fairbanks Jr
Dead-Eyed Ducks

John Thew
Sheila Hancock
in
THE TWO OF US

ON
THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY



TO SEE THE NEW THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA GO TO THE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA

It all seems like a trip into the past: those tired tours that set the clock back each time they came and went, pandering to a general imagining that our could never be as good as theirs.

No one begrudges Sheila Hancock, Stanley Holloway, Douglas Who II their chance to work on our stages. But if there's a lot of promotional money around, it would do our local industry much more good to spend it on our own talent—talent which if properly sold would fill theatres every bit as effectively as imported equivalents.

If, for the adman, the more glamorously packageable artist is the one from elsewhere—then why not push interstate tours? The revival of John Bell's *Much Ado* at Marmos this year a something other than would be pioneering to us if only they knew. And no doubt each state could think of at least one show that would fit that sort of bill.

The problems of the performing arts in the West—and that has our chief focus this issue—are the problems of Australian in microcosm. . . except that so vast a state as W.A. can hardly be called a microcosm. The size and remoteness of the state, the gulf between city and country, present difficulties that are not peculiar to the West. What is interesting—and Colin O'Brien's highly urbane reviews over the past six years have also shown this to be so—is that Perth shows all the signs of a burgeoning local culture that is yet part of the national mainstream. At the moment they too are having a festival, and it's one where East (Popular Theatre Troupe, Old Tote, A.P.G.) is easily mixed with West.

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ACT

AUSTRALIAN OPERA

Canberra Theatre (400 1723)

Maiden Authority (Puccini) in Italian Mar 3, 8, 11, 15 Producers, John Cooley, assistant Michael Bennett (continued) and Henry Bardon (int.) Conductor, Carlo Felice Cillo; as Lambertini Furlan; as Robin Donald; as Pavarotti, Jennifer Birmingham; as Suzuki, Ronald Macgregor; as John Pridge as Shikido; Maria Saphire as Butterfly

Lohengrin (Debussy) in French Mar 4, 9, 12, 16 Producers, Norman Ayrton, Designer, Desmond Dwyer, conductor, Peter Robinson; Jean Carlin as Lohengrin, Roger Austin as Herta; Robin as Gurny, Robert Adams as Kullervo; Rosemary Green as Marika; George Green as Hagen; Lyndon Terras as Pater van der Straet; as Paterius; Gwyneth Howard in French Mar 5, 10, 14, 17 Producers and designer, Tom Longwood, conductor Russell Charnell; Margie Glens as Carmen; Isabel Buchanan as Micaela; Peter Stevens as Papillon; Bryan as Don Jose; Raymond Myers as Escamillo

NEW SOUTH WALES:

ACTORS COMPANY (080 2503)

Any One As Low As The Horses Mouth a play show by Ray Bradbury and Darryl Sargent, directed by Rodney Delaney (to March 5)

Norm and Ahmed and Rita's Club Show, by Alan Sacks, directed by Rodney Delaney (from March 12)

The Graveler, by Harold Pinter, schools and students (from Mar 21)

AUSTRALIAN OPERA (26 2078)

Sydney Opera House (2 6688)

Opera Theatre: Le Balcon (Puccini) in Italian Feb 19 (Mar 21, 22, 26, 28)

Producers, David Mass; designer, Tom Longwood, conductor, Russell Charnell; Robert Adams as John Pridge as Marcello; Lambertini Furlan as Andrea; Austin as Rodolfo; Neil Warren Smith as Cavarero; Gregory Yarratt as Schenker; Jean Carlin as Mme. Elvira; Peter Elizabeth Fretwell as Mimmi

Maiden Authority (Puccini) in Italian Feb 12 (and Producers, John Cooley; designer, Michael Bennett (continued) and Henry Bardon (int.) Conductor, Carlo Felice Cillo; as Robin Donald; as Pavarotti, Jennifer Birmingham; as Suzuki, John Pridge as Shikido; Leona Mitchell as Butterfly

The Hugs Flare (Mozart) in English Feb 22, 24, 26 (int.)

Producers, John Cooley; designer, John Brodman; conductor, Peter Robinson; Robert Grant as Turco; Ronald Macgregor as Papageno; Rhonda Brack as the Queen of the Night; Isabel Buchanan as Pamina; Gwyneth Howard as Minstrel; Gwyneth Jackson as the Brack; El Most Gwyneth as Sarastro; Cynthia Johnston as Papagena

Carmen (Bizet) in French Feb 28

Producers and Designer, Tom Longwood; conductor, Russell Charnell; Lorne Koppel-Winter as Micaela; Ron Stevens as Don Jose; Margie Glens as Carmen; Raymond Myers as Escamillo; Adam Armon; Michael in English March 10 (in presence of Susan Blakely) (1)

Producers John Cox, assisted by David Reid; designer, Roger Berton; conductor, William Reid

Patricia Green as Lady Willow; Lesley Stander as Flawless; Pat, Rhonda Brown as Miss Henderson; Lyndon Terras as Don Quixote; Gwyneth as Albert; Henry Bardon; as Mrs. Herring; Robert Adams; as Mrs. Herring; Robert Adams; as Mrs. Herring

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE

Newtown (51 3842)

The Two written and directed by Vladimir Voino (from Mar 5)

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE (188 3373)

A Touch to Make, by Jack Hibbard, directed by Raymond Gendry (continued) by Youth Theatre for 16 centres in north and north-west New South Wales Feb 21 to Mar 18

Nov. Secondary teaching youth theatre company February 12 to Mar 14

BALMAIN STUDIO (227 3862)

Winter's End, by Rex Leysman, directed by Peter Berry (continued)

BONAPARTE'S THEATRE RESTAURANT

(257 2555 or 257 2580)

Crimes of a Lifetime, by Ron Fraser and John Macfarlane (from Feb 18)

BONDI PAVILION THEATRE (30 7211)

(or 39 8335)

The Young Man, by Harvey Rutherford (continued) and directed by Max Cullen (to Feb 26) *The Milk Family Show*, by the Australian Performing Group, touring production from Free Theatre, Melbourne (from Mar 10)

DANCE COMPANY OF N.S.W. (368 4438)

Sydney Opera House

Company (Murphy/Macgregor; Sutherland) *Sequence* (W. Murphy/Macgregor) *Ugah* (Ward/Tompson; Green) *Orchestra* (Macgregor) *Normal* (March 1-5)

ENSEMBLE (080 8877)

California State, by Neil Simon, directed by Hayes Gordon (continued)

GRESHAM (187 3023)

Three, by Ben Travençolo, directed by Kevin Jackson (to Feb 26) *She Sings as Conquer*, by Oliver Goldenberg, directed by Elizabeth Sacks, designed by Catherine Lloyd (from Mar 12)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN SOCIETY

Sydney Opera House (2 0688)

Opera Theatre: The Gondoliers (Gilbert & Sullivan) Mar 17, 18, 19 (and 20)

Producers, Brian Phillips; musical director and conductor, Bramble Byrne; Robert Hatcher as the Duke of Plaza Toro; Mary Blake as the Duchess of Plaza Toro; Rhonda Brack as Cecilia; Simon Brack as Lord William Murray; as the Grand Inquisitor John Wirth as Marco; Roger Howell as Giuseppe; Gwyneth Murray as Gwyneth; Peter Sacks as Turco

INDEPENDENT (188 7877)

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. A. J. Jones (to Feb 26) (directed by Richard Brooks) (continued)

Adventures of a Lady, by Stuart Smith and Martin Dobson, directed by Ray Armstrong (continuing Sat only)

KILLARA 600 COFFEE THEATRE

(488 7552)

Remembrance of a Future by Tim Young, directed by John Howard (to Mar 26)

Theatre

BALLET OPERA

FEBRUARY

MARIAN STREET (488 3168)

Something's Afoot, based on Agatha Christie's *The Little Mouse*, directed by James McDonald; David Voss, Robert Garside, and Ed Lindemann, directed by Alan Garside; musical director Beverly McMahon; photography by Karen Joseph (continued)

MARIONETTE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA (357 1306)

Reps, written and directed by Richard Bradshaw (school tour of Newcastle from Feb 26)

Reps and Reps, directed by the company and directed by Richard Bradshaw (to George Park, Mar 20-21)

THE MINERVA (358 1221 or 358 1232)

The Most Nice Old Lady Man, by John Tasso, directed by Erna Carrasco (to Mar 12)

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT

(188 5222)

The Street of Solitary Square, written and directed by Stanley Walsh (designed by Tom Longwood) (to Mar 5)

Lost for Power, *Arts at Parnassus*, written and directed by Michael Scott, (from Mar 12)

MUSIC LOFT THEATRE RESTAURANT

(080 8888)

At the Family War, with the Tuppence Family and Lee Young (to Feb 12)

Once Upon a Time, by Peggy Martin and Don Thompson, directed by Peggy Martin (from Feb 18)

NEW THEATRE (519 3403)

Cassidy (Robert Crichton) by David Wright, directed by David Cook, (to Mar 18)

Shopping (directed by Eleanor Wootton, directed by Ray Nichols (to Feb 26)

NEW ARTS THEATRE, Gresham (080 3872)

The Education of William Franklin, by John J. Jones, directed by Richard Warrall, starring Gordon Chubb (continued)

NIMROD (89 5552)

Ultimate, *Traps* (to Feb 11) *Spies*, directed by Richard Warrall (to Mar 5)

Traps, by Tom Sargent, directed by Ken Hall (from Feb 11)

Conversations, *Two* (to Feb 11) *Conversations*, by Tom Sargent, directed by Tom Sargent (to Feb 11)

Two, by Tom Sargent, directed by Tom Sargent (to Feb 11)

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e Guide

THEATRE 7 MARCH

SEYMOUR CENTRE (082 6555)

York: Goldberg and Solomon (From Mar 16)

STABLES THEATRE (311111)

The Left of Lady (Adapted by Russell Tovey, produced by the Theatre of Powers and Imagination) (Feb 9-Mar 6)

THEATRE ROYAL (321 6575)

The Two of Us, by Michael Frayn, directed by Patrick Lau (16 Mar 12)
The Pleasure of His Company, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, directed by David O'Sullivan, associate producers, Frederick J. Gibson and Bernard Jay (From Mar 15)

RADIO DRAMA, A & C

On the Radio: 6.30 p.m.
Shakespeare plays: Anthony and Cleopatra (Feb 16) Anthony for Measure (Feb 21) The Merry Wives (Feb 26)

QUEENSLAND

ARTS THEATRE (36 3341)

Monday: Corcoran and Lonsdale's Last Supper, both by Peter Barnes (University Players) (to March 5)
After the Death of Virginia Woolf, by Edward Albee, directed by George Pappas (From March 10th)

CAMERA THEATRE (36 5551)

Open by Alex Buzi directed by Graham Wilson (Feb 18 to March 12)

HER MAJESTY'S (321 3777)

Scene: Five Men at the Grand Staircase, directed by Gordon Hunt (to Feb 26th)

LA BOITE (36 2260)

Author: Chomondou by Mervyn House, Shearman etc. directed by Rod Maclellan (Feb 18 to Mar 10)

QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY (321 3485)

For Man I Couldn't Hear My Mind by Anthony Shaffer, directed by Jay MacCollum (to Feb 26)

TWELFTH NIGHT (52 5888)

The Merry Game by Robin Hewdon, directed by Gillian Spentwood (to Feb 26)

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ARTS THEATRE (87 5377)

Agatha's Last by Norman Corbett & Carol Moore, directed by Carol Reed (Feb 22 to Mar 5)

A.M.P. THEATRE (51 0451)

Love by Company by Phyllis & Harold Proctor, by the National (From Feb 17-26)

FESTIVAL CENTRE (51 3269)

Scene: The Wild Family Show (APG touring companies, to Feb 28)

While the Body Sits With Lamented Taste (Mar 5-10)

Playhouse: School for Scandal (by Sheridan, directed by Colin George (From Mar 5)
Festival Theatre: Death with the American Ballet Theatre (to Feb 21)
Jocote Theatre de France (to Mar 14)

SHERIDAN THEATRE (267 3751)

Arrivals by Howard Searson (Adelaide Theatre Group, Feb 26 to Mar 16)

TASMANIA

THEATRE ROYAL (34 6266)

The Sound of Music by Rogers & Hammerstein, directed by John Unsworth, choreographer, Beverly Jane Dawson, Don Russell (Opera Mar 18) Tasmanian Theatre Co. & Theatre Royal Light Opera

VICTORIA

ARENA THEATRE

The 20s and 30s Mar Jazz, a midnight show (to Mar 30)

AUSTRALIAN BALLET (335 1400)

Prima: Theatre: The Sleeping Beauty, Tchaikovsky, inspired by John Marsden (to Feb 26)
Peggy van Rugh, dance and costumes by Kenneth Russell (Feb 22 to Mar 12)

Opera: Omega, a ballet by John Gunko based on a poem by Pushkin, music by Tchaikovsky, arranged/orchestrated by Karl Heintz Smolc. Choreography: John Gunko (produced by Anne Woodhouse, scenery and costumes by Jürgen Rose Mar 5-11)

AUSTRALIAN OPERA

Princess Theatre (682 1355)

Myra Samuels (Princess Theatre Mar 26, 26-28)

Producers: John Copley, designers, Michael Bennett, costumes and Henry Gordon Hotel, production, Carlo Felice Giffoni, Music: Sophie or Butterfly, Lambert Foster or Robin David or Robinson, Russell Macgregor or John Prough or Shakespeare, Lesley Strider or Jennifer Williamson or Sarah

Johns (to Feb 26) or Princess Mar 26, 28

Producers: Norman Aylton, designer: Desmond Dwyer, costumes: Peter Palmer, Jean Condor or Ronda Bruce or Lukina, Henry Wilson or Anne Austin or Gerald, Robert Allen or Haydn, Margaret Elliott or Melissa, Graeme East or Mark, John Prough or Lesley Strider or Peter van der Stok or Frederick

AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP (9347 7133)

At the Light House 7" Opera by Steve McIntyre, directed by Paul Hepburn (From Mar 10)

COMEDY THEATRE (663 3211)

Great Britain (Feb 25 to Mar 12)
Great Britain (Feb 25 to Mar 12)
The Two of Us, by Michael Frayn, directed by Patrick Lau (From Mar 12)

CALFIELD ARTS CENTRE (826 4365)

The Air Australian Pub show, directed and created by Don Mackay (Feb 10 & 16)

NOOPLA PRODUCTIONS (41 4415)

Grant Street Theatre
The Golden Girls, by Douglas Howard, directed by Dennis Runnell (to Feb 22)

LA MAMA (47 6085)

My Mother by Cliff Allen, directed by Bruce Kerr, and After and After by Alex Buzi, directed by Mark Collin (to Mar 6)

LAST LAUGH (410 6225)

Cracked at the Seamy with the Baby Bachelors (to Feb 26)

Scenes: a cabaret musical by Louis Nowra and Sarah de Jure, directed by Daniel Munn (From Mar 1)

MELBOURNE THEATRE COMPANY (545 1100)

Anderson Theatre: The School for Scandal, by Sheridan, directed by Ray Lawler (From Mar 15)
Russett Street: The 20th Century by Ray Lawler, directed by John Sullivan (to Mar 15 to Feb 10)

The Fall Guy by Linda Anderson, directed by Nick Rogers (From Mar 23)

St Martin's: The Game of Love and Chess by Marlowe, directed by Nick Rogers (to Mar 22)

PLAYBOX THEATRE (52 4888)

His, by and with Collette Moore and Ray Challenor (From Feb 24)

ST MARTINE THEATRE (554 4030)

See also M.T.C.
Leading Lady, with Jill Perryman (From Mar 12)

TOTAL THEATRE (662 4691)

Let My People Come by Earl Wilson (to Feb 26)
Let My People Come by Earl Wilson (to Feb 26)

WINDSOR REGIS (51 6979)

The Naked Hour Show by Tony Settle and Gary Riley (to Feb 26)
Son of Naked Hour, by Mervyn House and Riley (From Mar 11)

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

HOLE IN THE WALL (81 2903)

Happy End by Karl Wall and Bert Black, directed by John Munn (to Mar 5)
A Gopher Tail by Shakespeare (Last night show, from Feb 26)

OCTAGON (80 2440)

At the Complex for Light/Lung, 7" Actor by Steve McIntyre (A.P.G. touring production, from Feb 22 to Mar 5)

PLAYHOUSE (25 3344)

The Playhouse and the Scene by Sam O'Carry, directed by Hugh Mann (Old Time touring production, to Feb 18)
The Man by Mervyn House, directed by Anne Neume (From Feb 24)

CONCERT HALL

Jocote Theatre de France, Come d'Alain (Feb 21 to 26)

HAYMAN THEATRE, W.A.I.T. (55 5511)

A Melbourne Night's Dream by Shakespeare, directed by David Anderson (Feb 17 to Mar 5)

PLAYWRIGHTS' APPEAL

"Since the Australian Council turned down a grant last November for the annual National Playwrights Conference in Canberra next May, plays have turned first glances their brightest. The Canberra Theatre Trust, starved by their own government cutbacks stretched out administrators' dismayed at the thought of the Conference being abandoned, half a dozen theatre people came forward with guarantees and support, and with new courage we presented a revised budget to the Theatre Board in January. At the time of going to press it appears we have the \$2,200 for which we asked, awaiting orders for the Artistic Director, Administrative and Finance secret."

Further money has come in from state grants (except N.S.W.), but even so our revision budget we still need \$15,000 in private donations. But once people are asking for help, we need proof that the theatre profession will back it. The conference commences in its glorified history. Instead of M & L, for his battle with us all our behalf M & L, have already put their own money on the line."

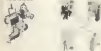
Katherine Barker.

(See Letters below—Ed)

PUTTING THE STAMP ON THE ARTS

"Suey Mella needs her detail in opera at Brussels in 1987. Australian artists have won international acclaim at the Performing Arts. And I am especially delighted with this award of stamps issued on 19th January, 1977, and placing

Performing Arts



the Festival at Sydney, Marking the Performing Arts. In giving tribute to our many fine and talented artists in Opera, Spoken Word, Radio, Film & Television.

Australia has featured famous Artists since Henry Lawson 1948, Mella 1961, Benno Franklin 1968, Adrian L. Gordon 1972, Dame Mary Gleave & Marjorie Clark 1973, Australia Arts month with Japanese "Noh" play of the Imperial Court, The Sydney created by Sir Hans Heister, master of the Classical Chinese Opera.

Visiting performers include Mounia Ferial, Melbourne 1966-76. Since the Philatelic Sales Centre opened 1971 the Sydney Opera House will add and is being used for each new artist. Mary Kendall Memorial Park 1973. Then two special performers were added of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and the Australian Ballet, when the Opera House opened 1973.

As one of my many hobbies, I have intended to collect a large number of stamps from around the World pertaining to the Performing Arts. My collection is called Philatelic World, Music & Theatre in Melbourne. I am endeavouring to assemble it as a history of the Arts with names and one geographical—historical, artistic and personal background of the artists portrayed on these marvellous stamps that are to take the "granted".

Margaret G. McNeill

SYDNEY FESTIVAL THEATRE

"The problems in getting certain theatre companies to participate in the Sydney Festival came about because some funds were unsecured until the beginning of December. We did want the O.T.C. to go into the Theatre Royal, and the A.T.P. involved, but they wanted a contract before the end of November, which forced us, reluctantly, to let them go."

"The reality did come through and indeed we spent in excess of \$50,000 on theatre and dance. Some, like the National with Young Life and Pioneer (and) were booked temporarily, others such as the one-man shows of Colleen Clifford and Alex Archdale were presented with advertising."

"But a whole string of theatre groups were included, from youth groups to universities, and of course we did present the International Music Forum, at that it wasn't, in many ways exposed. And we are negotiating now for the O.T.C. to put the next Festival in 1978."

Stephen Hall, Director Sydney Festival

ROYAL WATERWORKS

"The Queen will make a speech and will then watch on the fountain at the southern end of the plaza that will send water flowing down through a series of ponds — towards the Playhouse."

Des Curran, assistant acting Premier, S.A. on the March 22nd opening of the Headquarters of the play, the final stage of the \$20m Adelaide Festival Centre.



Des Curran.

Withdrawal of Australia Council support for our National Playwrights Conference that year is the series show when the fledgling industry desperately needs support in a severe time.

No one would question its importance in this respect bringing together with theatre, play, musicals, writers, directors, actors, critics and publishers, for nearly two weeks intensive work, shopping and discussion.

M & L. Corning suggest that all readers of this magazine contribute liberally to get the Conference on the next year. Perhaps donors' choices could be sent out to Theatre Australia. Very sincerely,
Henry Linstead,
M & L Corning
Kings Cross.

Though the Australia Council has given some state fees about \$100 or \$150,000 about \$100,000 and we accept the help to put on a conference to the Conference committee. They should be made out to the Australia National Playwrights Conference, who do doubt will take some \$100,000.

Dear Editor,

In your Queens and Queens column in Vol. 1 No. 3 of Theatre Australia, John Singleton, referring to the Sylvia Green's projects on Sylvia Plath and Peter Gert, states quite fully that "— the A.P.G. collective — is being less than supportive of its self-willed gathering both as financial — and ideological — grounds." He

QUOTES A

M.T.C. NOT ALL THAT BAD

"I might working with the Melbourne Theatre Company. Certainly I don't wish to let it fall. I don't want to do that for any organisation, one day I'll do so, but for now, a history from the heart on being a first time director is that country."

"The complaint that the M.T.C. is huge and monopolistic and in some instances that, but don't know that it's such a bad thing. It is important to have at least five really big companies where you can get all the back up and expertise you need to do certain shows."

"And speaking as a director, the kind of technical back up one gets in the M.T.C. is first rate, it is not always as good elsewhere. Moreover, I've put up other to the company — shows that I've wanted to do and that in many have been accepted as rejected."

"With a company like the Old Tote — they want a director to do a production, presumably because he's a recognised director, and then they're not interested in what that director has to say about shows of play. That seems to me an inconsistency."

"Still, with theatre like the From Factory and Beyond, they have their own people and that, in the end, it's that. Sumner in the M.T.C. has been pretty advantageous about giving new people in."

Black Hedges, first time director.

LETTERS TO

with to point out fairly that the original Sylvia project had a deficit of \$2,000 which was met from A.P.G. funds. Secondly, during the Sylvia Plath show was won in a possible way of offsetting the deficit of the new Peter Gert project which will still have a deficit of at least \$2,000, and that also will be met from A.P.G. funds. It should be clear from this expenditure of \$11,000 that the A.P.G. has given substantial support to the State Group, and since equated to that given to other A.P.G. and to other. Yours sincerely
Margaret Stanley
the A.P.G. Executive

Dear Editors,

In the Christmas issue, Katherine Barker states that the Black Theatre in England opened a year ago with The Caliban. This is incorrect. The Caliban was produced by Bill Main in January 1975, it was now by my production, January 1977.

I'm a bit hard on me when Katherine Barker means by saying the theatre has come a long way. In 1975, the evidence was largely black, the play had guts and was moving. In December 1976, according to some reviews, the evidence was all white, the play was rough but involving, the black actors had growing experience, the white actors were gutsy.

Why doesn't Theatre Australia invite some one involved in the Black Theatre for a comment on the growth of their writing, research, time, etc?

Sincerely,
Sally Morrison
Kew, Victoria

QUERIES

LOCAL FARE FOR QUEENSLAND

For the first time over, plays written by Queenslanders will dominate the subcontinent's Brisbane Theatre. Three of the seven plays for the first 1977 season—*Leviathan*, *Leviathan*, *Leviathan*—and two of the plays in production—*Leviathan* and *Leviathan*—are by Queenslanders.

Heading the list of Queensland plays is *Leviathan*, the first of the three plays in the series which have just won the United States century first prize of \$1,000 and gold medal.

The other prize-winning play named *Leviathan* is *Leviathan*, the first produced by the same theatre company in 1977. It was George Danes's *Leviathan* which won a prize of \$1,000 and gold medal in the same year as the first *Leviathan* was produced by the same theatre company in 1977.

The third play is by the women who, among other things, makes the interval first prize for *Leviathan*, *Leviathan* and *Leviathan*. It is a new play set in the 1940s about the problems of being a woman.

"The Queensland plays are only the beginning of a big Queensland push. We plan to do more things Queensland and to use our theatre to enrich Queensland society, including cinema, poetry, politics. Watch our Season II 1977 in *Leviathan*."

Mark Hollinghurst, Artistic Director, *Leviathan*, Brisbane.

OGILVIE ON THE LOOSE

"It's a feeling of relief and release after four years of almost having a day I feel really and wonderfully in control."

"One of the reasons I left Adelaide was to get the chance to move in other directions. Most of my life seems to have been concerned with regional companies like the S.A.T.C. and the T.C. and the Adelaide company is really another example of what the M.T.C. and the T.C. have been doing all these years—a more obvious example. There's perhaps more variety in the Adelaide company than in the S.A.T.C. I was really feeling the intention of having to work hard preparing plays for each season table and they really don't make what success in Adelaide. The present adventure the audience had over the last couple of years was *Leviathan*—which I thought a lot of middle class crap."

"Acting again in the children's show *Old King Cole* was a real joy. I haven't been on stage for two years, and the role suited perfectly—with the training I'd had as a dancer. And that experience of being an actor made me think of all the wrong things I've done in the rehearsal room as a director—so many things I've had to write that must have meant simply nothing to them."

"I want to use 1977 to do very little work, then's *Leviathan* longer for the Australian Opera but I don't have any other fixed plans. I want time to look both backward and forward, and I want the freedom just to do a lot of thinking." George Ogilvie, former Artistic Director, South Australian Theatre Company.

DEPOLITICISING FILM IN QUEENSLAND

"Queensland plans to set up a Film Board—like South Australia, like New South Wales—and it has received a fine of \$1,000 if it could be political in its operation or effect."

We want to guarantee that excellence in filmmaking there's a lot of gutsy work going on up here, something which might not be recognised."

So we're setting up a Film Institute, a group other than the Board, a decentralised group who can speak with an authoritative voice, give awards, conduct seminars—a group who can make people aware down south of the high standards up here—and this for instance there's no need to import a sense of thinking in Queensland."

Jon Gordon, former Experimental Film Sound

BENJAMIN IS BEST

Stephen Sandhu, Alan J. Lerner and Hal Prince, given for the third night from the last of the *Benjamin Franklin* production.

"It's the best play I've seen all year—I never thought I would have come 12,000 miles to see such a play."

Stephen Sandhu

DIANE HERE FOR PREMIERE



Diane Cilento is in her Australian hometown to set up the world premiere of *For Years / Cauter's War My Blood* by Anthony Sheffer. The title was by William Henry in 1977 in her month's *Q & A* and she have received to the original. *Sheffer/Australia* will be featuring an interview with both Diane and Anthony Sheffer in the next issue.

"I came out with a recording of the play by the Queensland Theatre, and all the cuts for Jon MacCormack who will be directing it here. I will be coming to it in Queensland later in the year and hope for a transfer to the West End."

"I've seen some of the rehearsal, which looked very interesting, and I'm coming on the second 31st January—Ed I'll be on on the final stage and for the opening on February 3rd."

"My first reason for coming here is the school which is opening from April 24th at the farm I have bought in Cairns. One aim can't be explained in a sentence, but it's definitely not some kind of rural idyll as some of the press have implied."

"My long term plans in Australia? Yes, better find out about those during the interview!"

Diane Cilento

THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Moomba Festival of Theatre is going from strength to strength in its general acceptance among artistic disciplines and the general public.

It began as a modest festival and after several developed into a nine night season of full-length plays for amateur groups. The next week a great first festival last year when it was held in a professional theatre for the first time.

The Festival organisers came out of that one with a small profit to the result of near poverty circumstances each year. And long before the 1977 event was scheduled, the committee was inundated with so many requests that groups to take part that a selection committee had to set down and the groups were almost to compare.

For the first time professional theatre, *Moomba Festival*, will be taking part. Formerly known as *Moomba Festival*, the group has steadily improved in quality, and gradually has increasingly been dropped from the list of the *Moomba Festival* would take part "outside" with the rest of the competitors, but private contact has turned the request down, and the group will stage its production in "A. D. 1977" at *Moomba Festival* in Sydney, and the festival organisers will be the nearest financial benefit of the public normally attend the group's regular production at the festival. The first will be a night of the first.

The *Moomba Festival* event when the first Victorian Drama League annual festival went into bankruptcy because of declining interest. Completely enough, following the group's success,



plans to raise its own festival later in 1977. *Joan Blair*.

Grassie, Moomba Theatre Festival

Dear Sir,

I am writing you on the reading of *Sheffer/Australia* and perhaps refer to the *Sheffer/Australia* article in the October/November issue. I agree with a great deal of what Bill has to say about the lack of basic training to provide good actors for the future, however I should point out to all readers of your fine magazine that although J.C. Williamson Theatre is now no longer in the business, the former employees of this organisation are now doing the previous and running their own business, thus maintaining the expertise which is available in so few areas in Australia.

The *Sheffer/Australia* article, under the direction of Alan Blair, still produce variety and prose and "Comic Tradition" under Ron Turner and Paul Kurlander built a great variety of work and indeed provide a service on theatre production which is invaluable in this country. It is the work of the people in these two companies that has made the standard of productions of J.C. Williamson Theatre as high as it is long and I feel it should be known that they have continued in a good way. Yours faithfully, *John Blair*, South Yarra, Victoria

gals came together in Sydney

world-wide shortage of product in musical

GE reports on this unique and pioneering

r Australian musicals.

General Director: Success houses have easily lamented in outcrying the unknown. Their recovery goes to the big establishment—Opera, Ballet.

The Revolution for itself: Its million master of salesmanship.

One Bob Ellis: Australia doesn't have the sort of audience for musicals as theatre of big musicals. Australians aren't interested in theatre. They're interested in sport.

Midway—So are Americans!

Australia's Bruce Beresford: Well then, what about the League Club Circuit.

A CHORUS LINE

"A Chorus Line was courted by people who wanted to see something about their personal experiences. It began with a group of people talking into a tape recorder, putting down their jobs

terrors, their fears and frustrations, their personal hopes. They didn't go into it with the anti-voting intention of making a big musical to go immediately onto Broadway, with cast albums and film contracts. It was a powerful personal involvement that generated it" (Bordwein).

"The small musical is unique.... What is needed is a workshop situation." (Prinzel)

"One doesn't write a musical about concepts, one writes about people" (Lerner).

Bordwein's musings on lyric writing was of enormous interest. He stressed that lyrics were not poetry—they are made to be sung. He clear, and (and) if necessary, for one should avoid making an audience sweat over lyrics.

He talked of songs that speed the story along and songs that are summative only. But he demonstrated there must always be a reason for the song.

Heard Prinzel's musings on director pointed out how the best songs will have the material in them to facilitate their staging; they do tell their own stories of potential.

And so on, into clear and clear detail. The properties of dialogue in the scene, whether and why dialogue, a song, or a dance routine best suits the needs of a particular scene, the cues for songs, the relationship between song and character, between lyrics and music.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBT

A nagging question hovered through the sessions—the Australianness of a musical.

The Doubt: Because of the influx of artists, producers and other groups into America, it had a wide spectrum of musical styles to write on and play. Australia doesn't.

Lerner: A J. foreword? We all use the same words don't we?

Prinzel: You don't have to use Australianness to make an Australian musical. It isn't necessary to write about The Outback or Ned Kelly. That's provincial. The fact that its written in Australia by an Australian and showing signs of a distinctly Australian mode of attack—that makes it Australian.

Musicals relief, Applause!

Discussion often came back to the (Discovery of the Australian Soul—or spirit, or psyche). **J. H. Vance:** We must wait for it to be passed. Another Voice: If we do that we'll wait for bloody ever. **Lerner:** Well, write those that.

Prinzel: American musicals represent a certain amount of the American spirit—but they also represent, formulated, moulded that spirit. For a moment it is that, whatever else, the spirit is that your shows are about. But, whatever else, the spirit is that your shows are about something meaningful to an Australian audience. Don't write with a broad eye fixed on Broadway in the West End.

Bordwein: Basics of trying your creations on the Australian style. Don't look overseas for affirmation of Australian talent.

Prinzel: What reaction is your first audience—and that will be an Australian one.

FINALE

The week was crowned by a concert in the Seymour Centre. It was a magical evening, and starting more only. Sometimes song songs from his shows. Local artists sang songs from Lerner's shows and there were two songs from original Australian musicals. They stood up well, though it was painful to note how many people never even knew these musicals.

Bordwein's hour was called music. The Australian response all over again? The hope is that the Music Theatre Forum changed a few people's attitudes and gave others the heart to go on working. But that event wasn't about it was about it. It must be followed up. A musical depends on understanding collaboration. Prinzel: That's what we tried to do, collaborate.



Alan Lerner



Stephen Sondheim

HEATRE FORUM

RICHARD BRADSHAW — Puppeteer

by Roger Futters



When I checked him once on being a Kentucky Colonel—which is true, by the way—he said, "Yes. And someday I'll call my show Colonel Bradshaw's Kentucky-Prayed Puppetry." That is a sign of his state of humour. Inwardly, perhaps. When he gave his farewell show for the Playwrights Conference a year ago, he announced himself by saying, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I'd say 'bun in the face' but please don't confuse domination with enlightenment." This was an allusion to Lennon in the Liberal Party's slogan that appeared in 1970 on poster Dark Age.

Now he is back from a month long tour of Japan. The tour was sponsored by the famous Japanese puppet theatre PUK and included his shadow plays and puppet acts in Super Kinescope, Art Circus, and others. But while he is most well known as a shadow puppeteer, he later went into other puppetry. As Head of the Marcon-

ette Theatre of Australia he is taking on national support theatre and all new disciplines.

"I'm trying to extend gradually the audience spectrum," he said. "Real, for instance, has more appeal for senior primary or secondary too, even for adults. Trying to create a complete fantasy is not, now, I feel, the province of puppetry. Leave that to cartoons, films, and such. Illusion is what we want to create. If the characters are strong enough, it's interesting to see how far you can go to show that it's just a puppet."

In this way he thinks in pure theatrical terms. There is no distinction here between puppet and musician, for he attempts to create an image, or illusion of reality, all the more stark because the audience knows how it is being created. People are dulled to violence on the screen, for example. But when, at the end of March, the puppet is actually pulled apart, we know the funny business are getting what they really deserved of!

"To continue doing that here, I suspect, is wrong because it is what is important—not necessarily a beautiful soulful puppet. Ideas and characters, the way things a puppet story has to have. March starts off with a good family and gradually introduces perversions and puppets strip puppets. Finally a large dog that we feed by three puppeteers who sing the song Hands Off. In another piece, one hand is a dove's tailfeather and after it is pulled it picks up the real and walks off. In a last about a spider, when the two hands which form the spider are put with a large sleep, they separate and walk off in opposite directions."

In his shadow puppetry too, he is so aware of the subconscious of puppets, of the potential for dark humor in them. Often his humor

borders on the comic logical.

"Real, of course, is different, because we are some hard-hold puppets. Now a major problem with this kind of puppet is that they are difficult to walk like a real creature, they don't have it well, they have. So they are ideal creatures for this kind of puppet."

Another feature of his puppetry: each puppet is perfectly suited to its own real character.

I thought of TV, too, when I discussed this costume for the puppeteer and the back ground. They use chrome key now and this can eliminate the blue background altogether against a similar background. What for the future? None. Yes, a puppeteer is a necessary part of the Marconette Theatre in a contemporary location. In fact, I'd say that the puppeteer is fairly good then we might have this by the middle of the year. That would be the company of four puppeteers plus me and a management director. This would mean less touring and a reputation of shows to do. By the middle of the year we will have four shows that can be done by four puppeteers. My aim about anything is to do shows for adults, but we have to start by extending the range of present shows first. Now I'm so happy about the administrative problems I reached so many times last year!

There are still obstacles in a country where puppetry is not taken seriously by most theatre people. But Richard Bradshaw's range of talent—from the high school to the professional through every conceivable type of puppetry—is greater than that of almost any other Australian playwright, director, or actor I can think of. In America he may be a Colonel, but for me, here, he is no less than our Shadow Minister for the Arts!



Currency's Castle in Playwrights

a tribute to the A.P.G.

Jack Hibbard

A Scratch of the Imagination

Barry Oakley

Bedfellows

A Lesson in English (Double Bill No. 1)

John Roper

I Don't Know Who To Feel Sorry For
The Floating World

David Williamson

The Remains

Don's Party (new film edition)

Three Plays: The Coming of Stork —

Jugglers Three — What If You Died Tomorrow

The Department

A Handful of France

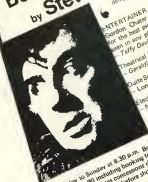
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MICHAEL EDGLEY INTERNATIONAL, BULLEN BROS, KELLOGG'S

THE GREATEST CIRCUS ON EARTH

Garrie Hutchinson

Michael Edgley's latest attraction (that's what they're called) is dubbed *The Greatest Circus on Earth*. Doubtless you will have noticed that the Bullen Brothers, Barnum & Bailey out of a need to stop them using the same old circus, claiming it was too close to the time honoured formula 'The Greatest Show On Earth'. If this truth be known, there is only one circus on earth, the artists being permanent employees of old established fairs. This it is it should be. The world should have the opportunity of seeing people who have spent their lives performing some very strange, marvellous acts. The executives in the International syndicates are the learned artists of the Soviet Union and China who prefer to travel on national groups. At least their governments prefer it that way.

This exhibition opens with an act out of rehearsal, not a bad percentage. It makes the night well worth the price—provided you buy a seat where you can sit. Some of the other acts are worth seeing for their weirdness if nothing else.

Come to one of the tilted floors of theatre, and one that has remained more or less the same since the first marvellous learned how to juggle. There is no doubt that Australians, like the rest of the world, are fascinated by strange often dangerous skills developed to a death defying degree. Even bad jugglers wandering around parks and streets are compulsively watchable. But at the reason I suspect is that it is easy to tell the material from the awful the material of accident not being a subjective feeling of being 'affected' but whether the foot tells off the rope. Death in the circus is a present possibility, if overlooked by the crowd.

At its best, though, circus does inspire a certain amount of spirituality like mountain climbing or Shakespeare. You can have your ordinary artist being around with juggling, tumbling, trapezing, or swimming or balancing, give me *The Great David* walking animals on his high wire one day. That's not to say that some techniques, the many ideas from the 'temple' (that's of cornucopia, peasant, peasant, peasant) and so on have not increased the Australian theatre. They have. A personal example is the highly popular and historically old *Stephox Circus* from the Australian Performing Group. Here artists techniques plus propaganda and juggling music are used to great effect. But how ever good as jugglers these people are, it is the time in the magic achieved by a master like Russ Schweitzer. It may only be a level of imaginative skill and practice. But his hat tricks give me a taste of the impossible. That for me is the essence of it. The achievement of the impossible, not necessarily, but usually of the death defying kind.

In the last few years, with the helplessness of talented Olympic gymnasts, we have been able to see that tumbling is an artist sport is much further advanced than many of our artistic experts would have us believe. The work of Eastern European gymnasts makes many of the

stunts of acrobats pale in comparison. One recently much in the news along these lines was indeed not—especially the Bochenov Troupe doing a five person high pyramid off seeing bears, and the famous Bechtelov Trio doing balance beam tricks. Their techniques are easily outshined by the mastery of Nade Comanec, the Romanian symmetrical handler of Montreal.

On the same level other troupes were more copies of traditional Chinese acrobats, seen here in the form of the Kwang Chow Acrobats a few years back. When the Duo Kivindt with a tally up a thirty foot pole balanced on her partner's shoulder, the Kwang Chow's act early. When Lee Canton did foot juggling on wheel-stored leather chairs, the Chinese juggling boys came on their backs.

The last act, the traditional circus will, but passed these initial spectacles. Not that there wasn't the most tried—that was Dave Brothers, who passed twenty feet off the ground hanging by his hair, and Lily Tropic who did bicycle tricks on a single pointed pole.

There was Hagan. Barbara of Romania who jumps a slightly better balancing a line with full wire glasses on the tip of a dagger, and using many tools. This is death defying to a major degree, I suppose. One dip and the sword would shatter the tally. There were the Flying Terrell, a trio of very talented artists who do some terrific tricks to the tune of disco music. But that is a slight digression, but it happens too quickly to cause much excitement.

I've mentioned Russ Schweitzer, a terrific juggler, especially with hats. He almost makes them talk. And then there is the majestic talent of the Great David, which some writers of persons praise. He is really the only one who gets a sense of what has been attracting adults to the circus for its basic, what made it stand in an international hero, what makes men walking mice. He is fast didn't do his celebrated headstand on the wire, but he did keep jumping, nearly fell, and walk on stilts. There he can hang by his toes, and I'm happy to believe he can walk on air. He makes it all worthwhile.

There are other acts, and all together they make up a fine circus, one worth going out of your way to see. Happily there are only a few animal acts, including fourteen very friendly lions. The top of the travelling managers and their show his beautifully jaded, leaving the circus to the pastime of acrobatics and leg adults. This is the last theatre where the audience of children is forced by skills you can see and measure.

This circus is on the way to my ideal of an adult circus, where a select group of acrobats form the impossible in a total temple for the benefit of individuals of all ages. The next thing I wish is that Michael Edgley might realize we aren't terribly interested in seeing his juggling phantasies in the province. We ought to be more humble.



The Bochenov Troupe

OLDIES

and a positively Dickensian willingness to multiply and divide whole packs of characters. The play has the space, formal control of *The Tuppence Story*, and it takes that play's prosaic detail with spirit and subjectivity to its own further

Clarity, it's going to be hard to do. Having created this closed, self-absorbed world, Hewitt also requires a certain amount of direct address from actors to audience. Both Maggie Miller and Marion Edwards seemed comfortable at these moments. To add to the actor's troubles, the amount of interaction between them is down to a minimum. The play is composed of a series of interrupted monologues, and when dialogue does occur (in subtlety it, to say the least, glazes) then there's the problem of how an actor engages with material so intensely private. Marion Edwards, who had much the easier task of the warts and blemishes, snarls and flutters away with much panache—and some thinginess, a sense of the stationer's indignities for which these desperate old ones are offering well. On Maggie Miller, tells the history of the private memories, and although she was certainly workmanlike, the part demanded (perhaps unnecessarily) a deeper commitment which she was rarely able to give. I liked the sweeping beauty of her older, and in the last scene, when I felt there was a touch more, she managed very well the rhythm of sudden fading, dropping the surface effluence of *Di Lillo*.

Nonetheless, the first scene did lose momentum. The odds in the altered Rebecca seemed wrong. And of course, they were (almost)—this isn't a play of which odds are reduced or brought to fruition. Dorothy Hewitt has been working in the past of history that also has been her long past. Leggett's *Queen Country* in her last, necessarily intense play, she has turned away from the defunct even to the shifting world of memory. She now works inside it, the subjective flow of her characters' feelings drives to take shape in dramatic action. For a playwright, this is a painful middle ground, somewhere between an actor's (whatever land) and the audience's (symbolic) one. Once said there are disorientations in late Strindberg, a few hints in plays like *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Shakespeare*, but for such private undertakings, there are, in the end, only private shame. Whitman has been required for *Phaedra* in *The Golden Oldies* (and indeed is what it feels like the audience is invited along in the tension to be left at the end with its desire but to go back into stream of memory in search of their own order.

Plays can be made out of happenings, or out of things taking to happen (as in *Beckett*) but



Maggie Miller (*Edna*) and Marion Edwards (*Rebecca*)

Photo: Peter Mendon

it's risky to desert the category altogether. The few happenings in *The Golden Oldies* merely punctuate the lines of memory, language, complaint, reversal. All the movements of the characters' lives lie in the past. Their present is evoked by clearing out their psychic lumber rooms, (as images made explicit in the last scene as Edna picks over the litter). The audience is invited to ask for something more than the analogy with everyone's experience, even there is an underlying arbitrariness about the pattern that seems to emerge. Edna and her mother, Julia, dancers, appeared in the altered Rebecca, who affirms life at the cost of all the dancers. I say this pattern is arbitrary because the life denied and affirmed at whatever level left to be a difficult or arduous—not even an imposing process. It's all over, after all. The play's black humor keeps everything at a distance. That opening image, for example, of the destruction

of the night, we take it as lightly as a passing emotion. The constant adjusting and order-making doesn't have enough to work against, so that at times I felt the spirit of the play to be cold and detached—women's life as a spectacle of helpless chaos of impulses running into a swamp of bad luck.

This is the second play in Hoggie Productions' first season. The company is a most welcome addition in a town where theatrical options have declined in recent years. *Golden Oldies* was a brave and worthwhile choice. It gives Melbourne audiences only their second chance to see the work of someone who, despite my personal misgivings, is undoubtedly a playwright who demands attention, and whose skill (even in the monologue writing in this play) is greatly to be admired. Let's hope the season has been successful, so that Dorothy Hewitt can have these flesh-and-blood devils to pool for a while.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN THEATRE COMPANY

OLD KING COLE

ADRIANO GENTILI / CENTRE TRUST & SAS CHANNEL 10

MY FAT FRIEND

Age Group	No (%)	Yes (%)
18-24	10	90
25-34	15	85
35-44	20	80
45-54	25	75
55-64	30	70
65-74	35	65
75+	40	60
18-24	45	55
25-34	50	50
35-44	55	45
45-54	60	40
55-64	65	35
65-74	70	30
75+	75	25
18-24	80	20
25-34	85	15
35-44	90	10
45-54	95	5
55-64	100	0
65-74	100	0
75+	100	0

Jeff Paul (Ph.D.) by Charles Lawrence, The Maryland
 State Bar, Federal Circuit, Appellate, District, Circuit
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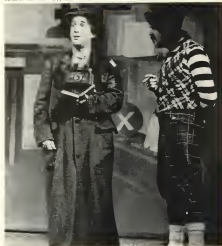
Editor's Note: This column hopes to appeal to adults but a different path is tread if you accommodate younger readers in first attempt to be stimulating to demands. How to be funny without being bored to profound. Please present a plot, establish action as a very sketchy though the author's intent lies on the imagination. The most important is of an intelligent plot following closely to the largest part of the audience of New readers oriented to have achieved themselves successfully to the problem in though Robert Bolt's *The Power of Man*. *Southey* still seems to rise as of the most interesting and recent additions. *The King of the Hill* is one of the most and it is more about the different property and the value of the literary world. *The King of the Hill* is the most interesting and the most interesting.

There is a raw talent of the nursery rhyme Old King Cole in this song—heard from the fact that the king is a caddy and has a fiddle too. The music is fairly late contemporary, but the characters, a stock type of the unlikely and the unscrupulous, and the story-line follow an old, even confounding pattern because of some of the lines. Mainwaring and the King's caddy. But there are no Maccos taped onto in the plot to lead the attent of the younger members of the audience. Well, the comedy and half-mad blarney get the good presence, or sell the athletic dialogue and lightly elevated Cyril was his hand? Along the way the Baron Wood enters the help of two swimming jackets of trades to help him and the various characters (joined at Wembley) in which he gets his underused frame and disengaged head. Against the intended physique and empty head of the performer, Cyril. This comes, with George Ogilvie and Frank DeGuerre as the real meaning, but middle-hearted concerning comparisons, provide some of the funniest moments, together with the final, which, rather as an elaborate and somewhat over-the-top completed plot, is called Cyril Barlowe has the many the daily schoolboy, perhaps. Of course, even the oldest members of the audience can see that the choice between Cyril and The Baron is a partner for the Prince, in a case of the flying and the fire, and, respectively, in terms when the structure

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Terry and his quintet stocked with goods
stayed in Seattle.

In the Hinge Man role George Olfen succeeded in stating the paper has gone at some time and always last, the business was never overdone, and on the evidence, there are several members of the S.A.T.C. who could learn from his attempts to defeat. Please Olfen and the team to the company.

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GEORGE'S B. FULL. In association with THE FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY

THE SURPRISING SOPRANO

David Gwynne

For information, contact the following:

The Surprising Doctor, he calls himself, and describes his moment less one man-of-letters and his wife—show us "an unexpected social and moral home open, opened and opened." He is vaguely inseparable to the indescribable Anna Russell, though the usage of his name is good and order and his approach to his material more obviously scholarly.

Michael Huggan is his name, and he is a pleasure-knowledgeable young Englishman of 40, a student of social landscapes and styles who has published articles in *Photo* and *Met* and is voted a handsome guy in *Playboy's* annual and various guides for such noted targets as *Montreal's* *Cabaret*. His photo, which had a three-week run in *Playboy's* January 1986 issue, shows him, the central figure of a series of portraits, in a room he has divided up by a transparently visible array of screens to shed upon himself and the genre—classical and contemporary—lovingly. Between numbers, he indicates what his stage is a reduced but not speaking voice which in a good deal more conviction of its own vitality features than a professional actor's. The blimp's picture he seemed to have on establishing a photograph using a light meter. Huggan suggests several kinds of lighting and the camera is enough to show the lighting up to the ceiling. A full-page photo of his studio is on the next page.

Worby, Agard presented their different programs to the Skyway Centre board for review pretty often, by email or in person. The well-attended program, that the commercial Skyway (public) was small (though it was also thoroughly enjoyable). The final festival of all these programs was about mid-1990s and was on the grounds of the National Centre of the Skyway (under and the French of going, a lot of sense of monumental activity was being done, as often as possible, for the development of their own.

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The fascination of Agnew's words arises from his acute perception of the place which he occupies in the social hierarchy, his ability to estimate from a vocal intonation, without

requires of an audience no special knowledge of the finer syndrome. Occasionally, particularly in his reading-up of the still judgements of scientific experience, something will know he is concerned in the standard reports, *Aspidochelone* produces a little and a little thing, just now and then he does just enough out of character to put a reasonable heart in doing and as a result of high performance into the performance, but much impact into it.

Both the performers in who are most Appell met in the Seachange studio. Formerly, David Anderson of the Seachange studio and the young actor Paul Davis, who has just moved to Los Angeles after a study session in Ireland. Anderson was known to Seachange as a composer in addition to a writer. Many sometimes even fantasized moonbeams, displayed a real fire for good music, and had and was up with Appell and his Appell's. His compositions of the Seachange from Memphis, in the first and third programs, was particularly little gem of music. Davis's music has matured immensely in the past few years. He developed a glimmering personal style. Davis has played many times in good stead when he was the Opera in the last years. And he was a little night's sleep tonight more for Appell's work in parts from "Saint-Saëns" (Shannon and Coleman) and his music. Davis, however, is a dancer.

Despite their efforts though, Aspinall's story hangs in the cloud for his personal emotions and there, his historical consumed magnitude of captured and his obvious difficulties for the must be performing in the very best about the is a situation show. Unfortunately, that means in other instances deprived of the opportunity to see Aspinall the time passed, it is to be hoped he will enter more and more positive emotions.



Michael, *disappeared* in *The Surprising* September

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

again was another famous figure of vaudeville: *Countess Paul*.

It is not a soaring performance but it is one in her own, relaxed, firm but shy and not overawed by the trappings of vaudeville that is what has been her most of her life.

The fact that she is there at all makes Gloria Daver's performance great. Equally fortuitous is that of Gerry McDonald. A few, before dated error has developed to justification age Norman Gunston, his individual brand of insanity, his return to the theater with a new account, the new format, that of Norman happily broken behind his still more famous stage mask, and with a new typed case of excitement and a warm, companionable friendship with his audience. His reminiscence of Mar-the walk, the silent Jane in silent, the computer, aggressive personal polemic—underlying.

But the other reason why Young Mo has reached *Alimony's* stage at all is, at least, because its author is in the words of the programme "Australia's number 1 act" after the success of *The Blood of My Father*.

Steve J. Sayers is an energetic and highly talented young writer who has happened into Sydney at the right time: a time when theatrical half had his last chance in the wake of almost universal dramatic success, and was being returned to favour by the state's new kind of attention (for the *Luxury* Kemp company and the *Luxury's* office).

Alimony Franklin combines multiple theatricality with a new substance—alone and confused, perhaps but personally fresh and bold. Young Mo's debut in 1975 played successfully in Adelaide in 1975 and later had a brief season in Sydney. Regrettably I cannot compare the performance: there are some who say they preferred the first and regret the passing of a decade of the stage in the second half. Certainly I found the second half unsatisfactory. The substance I had seen much the same as those I reported about Jack Hilditch's *Alimony* in Melbourne—but I avoided most about the mere problem of the first.

Young Mo begins well with the reaction of Ray from his go-to, followed by an idea on more style about his early life, his deep debt and his partnership with his Polina (Giffy). It is clear the show is fairly balanced. But in the second half the bottom falls out of the impressive Ray's brilliant scene, played about unimpaired on a pedestal. But the show itself is left with a disappointingly little to do. In the *Hilditch* game Mo's was at least the end of the dream and his left was a disaster. Of Mo's is a little and the other was a very little. In the end, of the other was a little but both—without nothing at all.

There were, as we know, still profit problems about Mo's career—and it was the comedy material as many members of the audience were expecting no less, that would surely for them the reason of his generous price. Without it the show is a little hollow—and Gerry McDonald's standard performance.

The most prosaic aspect of the show, particularly in the second half, is the lack of dramatic action. It is like a life of a comedian, for example in a reconciliation in *Alimony* between Stiffy and Mo. The rest of the show seems to have taken place elsewhere and we are left with the post-mortem. Ray from was, according to legend, cooperating to his colleagues' delight in practical jokes: shocking behavior, perhaps, and, according to his biographer, Fred Parsons, a total lack of sense of humor. There was a time that magical moment of the *Alimony* and the people's great spirit, which is its most endearing to the great artist as his return.



Sue Walker and Gloria Daver in *Alimony*.

Photo: Peter Holmstrom

Young Mo is a pleasant and engaging entertainment with a delightful cast including the formidable talented Sue Walker, John Giffy as Stiffy, Mike Powell and John McTernan. But it is also deeply unsatisfactory at the more important level. The play is a mistake for that in the know, those without experience of the famous show have very little. But are the great disappointment: only in the last half Mo

introduces a kind of humor that is deeply Australian and good nothing to the further of the show's success. The *Alimony* of Ray from might have done something to redress the balance and instead of a time when we were more easily convinced, in that among the Australian Mo knew, then for the next part we have been out.



John Giffy (Stiffy) & Gerry McDonald (Mo).

Photo: Peter Holmstrom

Playscript.6

The resuscitation of The Little Prince Who Couldn't Laugh as performed by **YOUNG MO** at the height of the Great Depression of 1929

Introduced by Richard Wherrett



Richard Wherrett (Photo: Gregory Wright)

and knows nothing of what in life in Sydney was so bleak. But I do know, since having read the version, it was a very different play—roughly fifty percent accurate to material. The version I felt impelled to, and which is published here, is the original version, with changes made during the course of our rehearsal. The author in his opening notes, admits it is a distortion and invites "flushing out", but in fact the changes we made were not radical. The original shows all forms become two acts, and plays and dances were added, some to reflect Mo's

added, some to reflect Mo's early career in Vaudeville, and others purely to heighten some key moments, such as the editorial tensions prior to the final Betty and Mo marriage and the death of Ray Phillips.

I was thirteen when Ray (Ray died), and can just remember being keen on radio. In that his death occurred two years before television came to Australia, these events little heard of him on film, so that many people have no visual memory of Mo when a young gentleman and likely not to know of him at all.

Our special problems therefore went from to make his stagecraft—his timing, his shuffling, his delivery, his extraordinary sense of style. Mo's Mo Larky, the very feature film he made, is the major exception, and was available to us and Garry McDonald in Australia in making that feature. In the course of that research I have come to understand why his time and people seemed forty years.

Young Mo traces the first fifteen of those years. In 1929 Mo was in the height of his stage career, and then came rougher times: a turning point in his life, his marriage to Bette Gile and the death of Betty, Ray Phillips. For the play is also very much about Ray and his relationship with Mo, with an attempt to analyse why Mo's time lived in and Ray's Mo's Mo's Mo's means by which Ray's special talents were added. What makes a star? What makes him end? In life we do not know what is going to happen, and, in a play we must not know. One of the particular strengths of Young Mo is its ability to surprise, to contain changes of direction and viewpoint and mood, and the final result is the extraordinary richness of the play (although the author became extraordinary) for someone in which the above questions are raised.

For the rest, the surprise is achieved by the comparison of a part of the historical record in a play about the theatre. Its form is (roughly) its content. It is a man whose extraordinary life stage life was marked by an exceptional onstage achievement. That is worth remembering and experiencing.



STEVE J. SPEARS

STEVE J. SPEARS is Australia's current big hit as a playwright. His 'The Election of Benjamin Franklin', premiered by Nimrod and starring Gordon Gisher with Richard Wherrett directing, is now in its sixth month of performance, quite some feat for a straight one-man play here. 1977 will see a nationwide tour of the play as well as productions in New York and London by impresario James Hammerstein, and a further Nimrod tour to New Zealand, Hong Kong and Japan. Twenty-four year old Steve has been a professional writer for three years. Stud, a home, audio historical 1948 show was produced in Adelaide in 1972 and was followed a year later by the original rock vaudeville hit Africa at the Pram Factory. Young Mo was premiered in its first version at the Adelaide Festival Centre in 1976. Radio 2JJ broadcast his Eliza G and he is currently working on a screenplay for the South Australian Film Corporation. Steve will shortly be writing for seven episodes of a new Garry McDonald show for TV's Channel 2.

I first read The Resuscitation of and The Election of simultaneously, just over a year ago. At that time I was right here to produce Mo than Benjamin, partly because I was already currently rehearsing a one man play (Ben's Mo, Ben, and Gopher to Krippl and left convinced to follow it with another, but also because I responded very much put to the fun of it, having most recently been involved with a couple of wonderful heaves, Richard W and A. Steven's Nimrod Gower. For that a very much put what Mo is—fun, as entertainment.

As it turned out, the Centre Company had the rights, and indeed proceeded to mount that very successful Adelaide production in Sydney. We were ahead with Benjamin. They are an extraordinarily different from each other in they are as well from others of Steve Spears' works such as the yet performed Ben Richard and Wouldn't it Just After You Hear. Though it would be true to say that Mo has origins in an established genre of disorienting narrative (Lover of King O'Malley and Place des Vaux), the author's distinctive originality lies in his ability to write so different from play to play. I didn't see the Centre's production of Mo,



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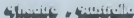
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The resuscitation of The Comic Mo Who Made Everyone Laugh as performed by **GARRY McDONALD** at the height of the great recession of 1977

by Barry Eaton

For the past few weeks Garry McDonald has been living with ghost of one of Australia's best loved performers, Roy Rene—Mo.

The memories of Mo are many and varied to those who saw or heard him work. When Stan J. Sporn, play Young Mo, opened at the Harold Theatre in late January, it was after much re-viewing of the original script. Plus a lot of hard work from a talented cast, Garry, Gloria Dawn, Wilfrid Pennington, and others, just to mention a few.

I talked to Garry in the final week of rehearsal about the difficult days of playing the great comic. When originally approached, Garry was

Doubtful that Garry feels that seeing the film and listening to Mo's records have only been marginally helpful to his present film.

Doesn't it seem a little early to say that?

"Yes—particularly in the first week of rehearsal, which I created. It was Christmas and I really would have preferred having the time with my kids instead of working my way off. After that I got better."

How did you get into the role in the early stages?

"All through rehearsal I was listening to tapes of his, reading his work. I had been trying to get a copy of Fred Parson's book, *A Mo Called Mo*, and finally got one half way through rehearsal."

Was this a help?

"Yes, because in a way I justified I continued on to the character. I'd heard all these stories about him. I knew what he had and I couldn't stand to him. When I read the book I saw Mo in a new light. It was really wonderful with great love. There was the film again but weeks when the tapes in the background a bit and it helped a lot."

In what way?

"I didn't realize how broad Mo's work was. My impression have been restricted by TV and film where there have no his played down. I realized it wasn't being big enough and after seeing a complete night things changed and well or rehearsal next day. It made me realize how far I could go."

How far does Garry get into Mo's character?

"Well, it's really only in the first half of the play that it's a Mo impression. I've really only got to go into his few scenes and then after that it's a part of him that I want to have been like in real life and what we know of him."

Having Gloria Dawn and Wilfrid Pennington in the cast has been a great help to Garry. They both worked with Mo and all of them have many stories to tell about him.

Does any one have about Mo his ego comes through. The other characters were only there to feed him lines so that he could get the laughs. In my characterization of Mo onstage all I have tried to do is highlight his acceptance and cockiness."

What about your appearance?

"I have played my hair in a very permanent wave and I'm thinking of taking in the hairline with black make up. I don't think that's necessary."

The make up itself?

"Oh very simple. Well, Andie's said he's a sample of Mo's make up. A stick of Lashless black and a stick of white."

Garry finally agrees to "putting" some of his business from other great comedians.

"I spent no time. The Great Zerkow has been running the theatre from that," Garry admits at

"Of course that's what Mo used to do. He'd push from every corner. That was somebody pushed that bit from him. He'd say the dirty word."

Garry thinks all this very amusing and not at all unprofessional.

"Why not, I do it," he laughs. "I remember Mo's name was pushed from a French down apparently and he made up from an American comic."

There are some things that Garry can't resist.

"I can't do all those falls and things Mo did because he was trained in acrobatics. These fellows used to be able to do terrific things with their bodies. And you see don't have the falling Mo it's impossible."



very keen to do the part or get away from his Northern Quarter stage, although he will no longer be at Mo's at the time.

John Bell found the Mo record when he was doing *Moore for Moore*, but he didn't realize the very much," says Garry. That was several years ago.

Having decided to accept the role Garry's preparation began with a look at the only film Mo ever made *Smile and Look*. Garry came to the house to see the film with the director, Richard Whittaker. I remember none of us loved what it was like.

"I was a lot surrounded at the film," recalls Garry. "I thought, oh God! But it was a little bit of the choreographer, Pamela Gibbons, didn't see it that day. It was rushed into me and was made in one hit. There was couldn't get the film any more and work. It was a lot more helpful the second time around."



"Of course Mo was very vulgar in many of his sketches and when got a lot of laughs with a large volume. I am working on that at the moment."

Mo had a quick tongue at that!

"Many of the old Garry and Mo bits were terribly vulgar," Garry continued, "although Mo never regarded this as such."

Mo was renowned for his splutter which often led to some very moments on stage and particularly in his film. Garry also has some problems here, or more precisely the other cast members do!

"I've had to stop saying about that because it happens. Though Garry," I remember that very much my wife with a bit of Garry, I had that and there were two blades of spit on his eye."

So for those who get a front row seat might be a little more interesting!

THE PERTH SCENE

Perth Festival Round-up

McNeil Review

3887th the Wall - History and Development

University Theatre Scandal

Art in the Town and Country

National Policy



Festival Round-up

Cliff Giffen

The 1976 Perth Festival was remarkable for the number of overseas companies which added their talents to those of local and semi-pro performers during Perth's annual cultural epic. We had the Negro Ensemble Company and the Lark Theatre of the Great, as well as a brilliant double bill of South African drama—*Dear Sam* and *The Island*. By contrast, domestic fare offered for the 1977 Festival, the Silver Jubilee year, will be by companies totally Australian. The new Festival Director, David McInnes, has come up with a programme for the drama which could be termed 'the Australian way with the European school'. Plays by Shakespeare, Molière, T. S. Eliot, Sean O'Casey and Brecht will be performed, while British authors will be covered for by the A.P.G. with a play about Peter Liss, and by Leonard Cottle's one-man show *Wills the Jolly Giant*.

The obligatory Festival Shakespeare will again be provided by W.A.T.C. directed by David Addenbrooke, who gave us last year's 'delicious' *Repent*. Then after the obligatory old present, A. Midwinter Night's Dream, but with the addition of an original role, must come by Perth theatreman Tim Flood. In some ways the Dream seems an odd choice, given that the 36th Festival featured John Mink's production of *The Fairy Queen* which, as everyone knows, is Shakespeare's Dream. Flood's set with superlative musical accompaniment by Pamela Ingham. Addenbrooke may have planned to produce the Dream for some years, and will hold back in '78 because *The Fairy Queen* has substituted. The 1977 Festival has given him the opportunity, and it is unlikely that complaints about children on will ever again given the radically different approach which Addenbrooke plans.

The play will be performed in an innovative setting, the traditional three ring circus with Flood, to be played by Roger Mifflin as Prospero. A five piece rock band, treated as full size of the audience in a bowl box, give the most near entrance to the ring, will accompany the performers at various points in the play.



Peter Liss and Anglia Telford

Photo: Herald & Weekly Times

Addenbrooke is an admirer of the Polish actor, Jan Kars, and finds himself very much in accord with Kars's view of the Dream as one of the most darkly ironic of Shakespeare's plays. He hopes, in the matter of the small pleasure of his producing his specially lyrical and satirical Peter Flanagan, who also created the superb 'space-age' setting of last year's *Repent*, to bring out elements of the play frequently evaded by the director and people known to attend.

Of lesser renown, but still classic of the twentieth century, is T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, directed by John Mince. This play

has been chosen in order to combine both the church and the dramatic aspects of the University in one work, as occurred in last year's *The Ferry Queen*, performed on the River Parlane. It is regrettable that the open air New Festival will not be used during the Festival but Mince has cited reasons for staging his production in the theatre with skilled New Dolphin. Like the New Fortress, the Dolphin possesses an exceptionally broad and deep stage, a visible level which the director will employ to heighten dramatic mood and to present the tableau effect of this very ritualized play. But the Dolphin also permits an intimacy between the audience and theatre which is rarely possible in an outdoor or cathedral production, where the intense colour of the religious drama is often either lost in greater oddities, or needs to be so punctuated that the narrative lacks clarity. Starring Peter David, whom most of us saw with delight in *The Christian Preachers*, the production promises to be a powerful success.

More of a more prominent part in another production by John Mince—a seldom performed work of Brecht, *Happy End*. The score by Kurt Weill is sparkling, but the play is not simply a musical. Written in 1928, the action takes place in a Chicago of 1911. Brecht saw in that period the height of a conflict between the human individual and the extraordinary, anonymous forces of city capitalism. By 1929 Brecht and Weill were well aware that the struggle was over, and the role of art should not be to make too illusory. The emphasis shifts less of class to the actors' face will be marked by what makes up it is a secondary a comment about doubling up with a bit of sex when the couple have some very nice scenes.

The Old Town Theatre Company brings us Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, which the director has made in contrast with Brecht, as we realize when Captain Shandall also says, '... a man's man, an 'er to fight for 'is country, an's 'er'.' Directed by the distinguished Hugh Hunt, and featuring the names

stars of *Rae Haddock, Marie Perle*, and *Marie Mangan* this protest, at the Playhouse Theatre will certainly be as powerful as the Melbourne Theatre Company's 1976 offering *Red Station*. And this act, so important in itself as *Q-Geary*, will be directed by the illustrious Anne Franks, who was responsible for both set and costume in last year's *Ray Leslie drama*.

At the Playhouse, The National Theatre Company will continue Molere's *The Miser* to the armoury of classic plays. However, director Anne Mangan will not produce the play in the classic French style of the Comedie Francaise, all subtle manner and terrific elegance. The fact that Australian actors are not generally comfortable with such a style, and will therefore bring out those elements in the play more congenial to the emerging Australian acting style, revealed by the comedians of "rough theatre". These elements are of course, the traces of the Comedians dell'Arte which linger in both character and action in Molere's play, its silliness and sophistication.

The Playhouse has by far found its most precious of treasures in *Le Miser* actor for its Festival production, and the year John Le Mesurier will play the lead role of Harpagon. Despite Anne Mangan, formerly with the South Australian Theatre Company, has opted for a costume which will bring out the Parisian origins of Harpagon and there will be a kind of Harpagon in Marie Jacques, to be played by Denis Miller. The set will consist of a central low table covered with a French and July still. Apart from Le Mesurier, the small production company at the Playhouse will be supplemented by guests from the local theatre scene, including John Calvert as Prospe, a character whom Anne Mangan as "very much a little *Doyle* is go".



Leonard Teale

Discipline, too, can be repeated from the A.P.C.'s contribution, a new play by a new writer, Steve Martin. Based on one of the more serious of the mythical creatures legend in Australian race memory, the nocturnal *Phar Lap*, entitled *It's Gonna Be a Big Night*. If *Q-Geary*, the play will be produced as the third stage of the University's Outpost Theatre.

The A.P.C. have probably been the most significant visitors of a specifically Australian style of acting, drawing heavily on music hall and "rough theatre" traditions. The Group's commitment to "the development of a truly indigenous theatre, strongly rooted in the community and dealing with the myths and realities of life in Australia" which feasible in itself, has too often led in the past to the deve-

lop of fairly lightweight entertainments for which suggestions of "experimental" have been made. It is to be hoped that their Festival contribution will be sufficiently potent to balance the heavy dose of European culture often was offered, although the publicity and the promise of a truly mature of social realism and sophisticated feeling" remains a goal of the company's frequent tendency to self-indulgence. We must hope for a success because otherwise the Playhouse will be left entirely to Leonard Teale.

Teale will be presenting a new man show in the new drama series of Mount Lofty Theatre's College. Called *White the Billy Bower* and based on the later years of Henry Lawson's life, the show will be largely a series of monologues from some of Lawson's better known bush stories, as well together by Teale's interpretation of the story. Lawson, eloquent and well-learned Leonard Teale's vast experience and special knowledge of Australian character and folklore should ensure an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

In sum, then, the 77 Festival, although lacking the stimulating effect of internationalism, offers the prospect of a varied and generally worthwhile theatrical diet. All that there are no tonight dogs among the proposed plays (and even the first night of the festival must have left last year's *Phar Lap*, *The Maypole*, and the *Wanted: The Country Last belonged in this category*). As to how we must wait and see if some information can look forward, on the basis of information already available, to some lively debate on the relative success of the first season played by *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Miser*. Finally, it is interesting to note that comedy, especially and long seem to outweigh the more serious fare, and for a Festival, perhaps, that is as it should be.



The National Theatre Company

1977 season 1 perth. w.a.

The Playhouse

THE MISER

by moliere

With special guest artist
John Le Mesurier

24th February—19th March

THE DEPARTMENT

by david williamson

24th March—16th April

ABSENT FRIENDS

by elen ayckbourn

21st April—14th May

OTHERWISE ENGAGED

by simon gray

2nd June—25th June

TREATS

by christopher hampton

30th June—23rd July

The Greenroom

ASHES

by david radkin

22nd April—14th May

YESTERDAYS NEWS

by joremy seebrook

and the joint stock
theatre group

17th May—28th May

GOING HOME

by alma de green

1st July—23rd July

DIRECTOR: JARINE HEANE, ADMINISTRATOR: TONY YOUNG, YOUTH DIRECTOR: ANDREW ROSS
DESIGNERS: ANNA FRENCH, JAS CARTWRIGHT, PUBLICITY: BERRY GLASSER, COMPANY ACTORS: ALAN CARSELL, DENNIS
MILLET, IAN NICHOLS, IAN SCOTT, GARGLE SKINNER, LETH TAYLOR, LESLIE WRIGHT, YOUTH TEAM: MARTY HAIR, JOHN
RAYMENT, GUEST ACTORS: EILEEN COLODOTT, GEOFF GIBBS, NIAN KING, PETER ROWLEY, PIPPA WILLIAMSON.



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John Anthony
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Charles Ames
The Australian Opera
The Australian Ballet
Leonard Bernstein
and the New York
Philharmonic Orchestra
Kenny Ballie
Dore Baker and the
Dore Baker Ensemble
Tina Turner
Carol Burnett
The Barbers
Cilla Black

Don Bowman and
George Gella
Beyla Batista
Pat Brown - & Family
Dakota Carroll
Richard Cooney
Tim Conway
Barry Crocker
Carla Facciolo
Concerto Maurice Vieux
Byron Davis
Edward Deems
Dore Dixon
Sergio Fainelli
The Firm of London
David Frost
Dance Company (N.W.)
Dale Wilson Trio Band
Jon English
Arthur Fiedler

Johnny Farnham
German Bach Solists
Roll Harris
Colleen Hewitt
Hiroshi Kato and the
NHK Symphony Orchestra
Paul Hogan
Sir Robert Helpmann
Rita T. Kanara
Kazuki
Duffy Kane
Orlando Kennedy
Ella Lefteropoulou
James Last
Tina Turner
Natalie Loggia
Don Lane
Roll McKean

Maria Callaghan and
Dance Company
Lauri Minter and the
Cleveland Orchestra
Marianne Yve Australia
Moore Chamber
Orchestra
Anna Moffo
Dan Mulvan
Helen Munn (Solo)
Melbourne Symphony
Orchestra
Melbourne Theatre Company
Nicola Martin and
The Academy of
St. Martin in the Fields
Sergio Michel
Melbourne Chamber
Orchestra
Old Time Theatre Company

William van Oortelo
Roy O'Connell
Dai O'Connell
Ray Price
Pamela Rose Quartet
of Los Angeles
Chil' Ruffard
Helen Ruby
Joan Sutherland
Shirley
Silver Stars
Donald Smith

Jelly Roll
Gwynne in Sydney
The Sydney Symphony
Orchestra
Sydney Quartet
Harry Secombe
The Statutory Ballet
The Stargazer Philharmonic
Society
Maurice Strakosky
Roy Vernon
Dore Wolfe
Roger Woodward
Barbican Chamber Orchestra

Listed above are some of the greats who have already appeared at the Sydney Opera House.
We hope to see you here soon
All the best, Frank Barnes, General Manager, Sydney Opera House.

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HOLE IN THE WALL

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Colleen O'Brien

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW? you might find it in the West End of London, at the National Theatre, or in the West End of London, at the National Theatre.

For Alan Bennett, the play is a comedy. For Alan Bennett, the play is a comedy. For Alan Bennett, the play is a comedy. For Alan Bennett, the play is a comedy.

To write at some sort of midpoint of John Muriel's *How Does Your Garden Grow?* it is worth comparing it to two other examples of garden plays: the Randa Barker television series *How Does Your Garden Grow?* and the Randa Barker television series *How Does Your Garden Grow?*. The series reviewed in these columns two years ago (which were also reviewed in these columns two years ago) indeed were also reviewed in these columns two years ago. Indeed were also reviewed in these columns two years ago.

One other aspect of *How Does Your Garden Grow?* is the whole. There is a lot of it, for instance, the surface, a rather unpleasant appearance of unresolvable class difference—the idea prevalent in Victorian England that there is such a thing as the eternal states, something entirely of its own kind working class people. There are some to the recurring phrase sentence as a way of life and are therefore not objects of pity or compassion, unlike the higher class victims of misfortune like John Sturges who were never born to go to prison, and so are objects of pity. Even the making of folk songs but of Russell Bagg and Paul Kelly has its own way of understanding, as such an attitude seems to suggest that there is an immediate there-and-then about who should 'do time', at any rate about whom we should feel sorry for when incarcerated.

At the other end of the prison play scale is some of the best in the genre, a better play which is not its expression in symbol and mystery, a species of surrealism. Bennett's play shows in such a way that it is not its expression in symbol and mystery, a species of surrealism. Bennett's play shows in such a way that it is not its expression in symbol and mystery, a species of surrealism.

The overriding emotion connected with any personal sentence is undoubtedly isolation, in anyone who has voluntarily been in the way will tell you how easy the Ministry forget me, for I am now constantly one of the 'prisoners' by act of parliament. An action from life in this important respect: life may be boring, but it is the function of art to convey

in us the sense of isolation without actually being at a difficult time which *How Does Your Garden Grow?* is directly achieved.

Muriel also manages to convey the sense of experiencing isolation without himself being boring, but his play also triumphs in another major respect. With great tact he manages to achieve more a feeling of isolation, he does so with the specific world of prison homosexuality. I do not find his treatment so tactful because it avoids any sort of judgement, explanation or special pleading, and is revealing in a most economical way.

The play centres on the finding out, by a prisoner about to be paroled, of his partner 'Brenda' (indeed 'Gardner') to a man but rather about to die. The play is indeed as we see that Brenda's partner on the other fellow will be so afraid that up to his old partner. It is the equivalent of what we see in our lives when a partner dies in the hospital, and the play is indeed as we see that Brenda's partner on the other fellow will be so afraid that up to his old partner.

Thomas Brindle is a homosexual, the partner Mark and the other partner Sam. A short scene of the text suggests that Mark has a wife to whom he is married, and Sam is a man who is

ship with a wife, but with no overt camp behavior. The strength of the play stems in part from the fact that neither Mark nor Sam show the least guilt or culpability about coming to terms with the reality of prison life, they accept the situation and without apology. And the whole drama is given added poignancy by the very real affection between Mark and Brenda, born of their association. The final moments of the play has Brenda affectionately suggest simultaneously by both Mark and Sam and carries the stage direction 'Brenda looks perhaps once, it's hard to say'. It is a triumph and a great conclusion to the exploration and subtle conclusion of the relationships which has been the stuff of the play. Only very occasionally do we feel that the situation is as all pointed for the odd laugh. In the end the play is a tribute and a warning, especially concerning the length and easy pace of the play.

The director reveals Anne Meale in his best, his last and best handling of a major role of the year. Rod Williams plays Mark, the author of the play with his extraordinary mastery of focus, clarity and precision. Alan Bennett depicts his gift of being able to connect and understand a powerful presence, he never assumes too much for himself, he never assumes too much for himself, he never assumes too much for himself. He never assumes too much for himself, he never assumes too much for himself.

It was good to see Anne Meale in isolation, to see, especially as this was something of a farewell for a number of years. Margaret and Williams are off 'back East', even King returns after the season to the music hall and I am reviewing in his theatre for Theatre-Australia for the last time for a year, as I will be in England on study leave by the time this issue hits the streets. I do hope that those who I have met at least will be disappointed and relieved.



Rod Williams and Alan Bennett

Photo: Hole in the Wall



In December 1974, at the end of his first year as director of the Hole in the Wall Theatre, John Milson issued a questionnaire to patrons, asking among other things: Do you think the Hole, as a subsidised theatre, should present only experimental or Australian or classic or popular commercial plays or a combination of these?

The answers were fairly predictable and as a result, Illigian criticised the level of insight offered by the more sophisticated theories every where of balancing Australian with claims and language on the one hand, and the experimental offering which is less part of the evidence might somehow reflectively as a claim of cultural medicine.

The peculiar situation of the Hole in the total Perth Theatre scene demands a flexible approach to programming that might, on lesser levels, lead to apoplexy, highbrow indignation. In fact, over the three years since Milson took over, the theatre has managed to secure a distinct character, the most elements of which might be defined as a keen sense of style and material

Where Wilson sees a need to aggressively be generous upward rather than down instead of putting on a show for commercial success to balance the books after a bad season, he will

Director, John Wilson and Joseph K. in *The Third Floor*. Julie McCannell.



HOLE IN THE WALL



Laurence Fishoe, Nick Carraway and Miss
Holtzapple in *The Love Song of J. Alfred
Prufrock* (Photo: Kelly McCann)

A legal (but only part) drinking and listening to jazz club, situated in a not very nice part of town, was the unlikely birthplace of the very successful Hole in the Wall Theatre.

[illegible]

He needed a partner to shoulder someone who could share the financial risk. The new theater was to be semi-professional—who could contribute intelligently? John Galt was perfect: successful advertising man with a love of theater, especially innovative theater, and a growing reputation as a director.

From the original definition, which states
 "anyone who..."

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J-G Ripper, lets get started—
 everything happened as we kept walking away

high for an unfamiliar quality price instant film) a 1974 entrance he expressed that as a dramatic measure against doping critics, who are unlikely to travel to Fremantle, but it has proved a more positive approach all round!

At the beginning of 1976 the map of Perth Theatre had suddenly taken new outlines, with the introduction of new life moving on the compass, the situation has remained confused.

The new industrial professional theatre is the National Theatre Company of the Playhouse. In 1974 it added a well 180 seats theatre in which had been its Company, which allowed for experimental theatre productions, leaving the main theatre free for "safe" plays—despite the fact of South Australian plays and the occasional pure commercial product!

This pulled out the rug from under the Halls, which had been itself in the natural state for alternative theatre, though in the years immediately about to John Wilson's arrival it had gradually relinquished its reputation as the place that had put on the most daring American American theatre was languishing at the W.A. University, though the W.A. Institute of Technology with its Theatreological Association with its theatre arts course was beginning to fill the gap, and their rather rebellious W.A. Theatre Company that to be confined with the National was struggling in such occasional rather sporadic productions of the class.

Originally John Wilson's aim had been to "balance the diet" if offered by the Playhouse to the coast of time, as the picture grew more complex, the local art balance suffered more and more as the coast of Perth Theatre as a whole.

A survey of the outstanding production

during the past three years (both successes and disasters) shows the fact of complete lack of any engaged in so keep up the challenge to tradition without other placing them as a less in their struggle in domestic.

The first major success of 1974 was Wilson's The Importance of Being Earnest and subsequently's An Ideal Husband. The first, an absolute audience pleasure, received an additional boost from the starring stage. The Halls had generally tended to rely on makeshift or token success, in keeping with its "experimental" situation, and generally avoided the fact that the audience does not always could not be helped with fiction in any way. The introduction of Victorian domestic drama was thus an itself a dramatic stage.

The Kennedy play, on the other hand, caught everyone by surprise. It was felt to be a popular success. Kennedy was not exactly a household name, in fact when he offered to give an informal press conference at the Halls in person only two years turned up. The act was quickly elevated, making an emotionally stirring conclusion and plans. The presence of a recognizable Australian family story and slightly daunting religious mysticism, added to a local production, proved irresistible. In fact, if a stage for success were possible, this would probably be it.

The surprising failure at Hildred and Buzo's Sporting Double showed that ropes can be misleading. It ought to have been a runaway success, with its lively Gay folklore quality, but the respectable format was still too old and exact, who imported better two years later to it. Thus it broke. Also the role of the theatre worked against the demand of showbusiness and the fact the play made!

The brave failure of the year was Alfred de Vigny's *Attitude of Arthur Greville*. It needed enough controversy to give it a place in the list of remarkable productions, but as there were many. The act was ancient, not fully actually experienced to overcome weaknesses in the script. The play's extremely ambiguous form of reference was not satisfying intellectual discipline, which meant that audience left puzzled and confused rather than enlightened.

The only generally piece of commercial success of the year was a guest production of *Grease* & *Heat* in the unexpectedly close *rehabilitate* environment called *Shirley Jones* and *Shirley Day*. Nothing comparable turned up in the years that followed.

1975 was dominated by contemporary Australian authors—with seven out of ten plays. Barry Oakley's *Requiem* easily proved to be the best played, though Peter Kavan's *A Head Off* also impressed. This production for the National Theatre Company visiting the Halls looked completely at home, with Tamara Clarke directing.

But so many of the other plays seemed to be imported mainly for pattern in mass—Cue's *Jesus*, Buzo's *Fort*, and the play left essential. On the other hand, Modern classic came to the coast with a first time arrival of Tennessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie* and *Barbaric Muddy Day* with an audience lot of coming apart type—Joey McLean, more familiar as a comic actor.

The fact that 1976 play saw two Australian works may be seen as a direct reaction to the oversight of 1975, in a feeling that the National

COMPROMISING UPWARDS AN UNLIKELY BIRTHPLACE

in a full second moves everywhere painting in painting, furniture, glass, tapestry, books, cutting timber—and much.

The first play was by Joe Kavan by Ann Jellicoe—rather daring in its time, but that was so for the kind of theatre we were going to do, Joe Kavan's arrival, Ann Jellicoe, Maurice Ogden, Kevin Hodges and I made up the cast. We rehearsed amongst the glass, on the opening day and wondered what it would be like working with the audience on all sides. After the dress rehearsal we helped move in a couple of dozen milk crates with cushions on top as there wasn't enough seats to go round. We figured we had done everything we could, except Frank had another idea, a small room off to the side, he decided would make a wonderful Green Room (because the answer was from the wing side). The Theatre had taken its name from The Halls in the Wall (Club "Green"), though Frank and with him of enthusiasm, a half of a lot of energy and a 20-page banner he literally carried through the wall giving us a reason for the name, an interesting story, and a very very dark Green Room.

The first night went up, the audience level the play, they loved it, in the sound, they even found the milk crates. They didn't just applaud at the end, they ran to their feet. The critics, mixed, postcard water articles, radio stations had interviews, something very new had happened in Perth Theatre and it was wonderful to be a part of it.

Frank and John took time to discuss with Frank, taking the next production, *Attitude of a Simple Man*, which played to full houses for

three weeks and had to be extended for another two. The theatre created a whole new level of enthusiasm from the unimpaired arrival, young to the Perth People—Maurice Buzo, Bill and Bill in fact, most of them had come up to the Halls one night very definitely on the wing side of the tracks.

From then on the philosophy of the theatre was simple but not easy. Each time, when we had, offered them if necessary but never have to do. All these years later it is hard to pick the highlights, but among them was the play *Shadow of a Woman* about the time was long out from Margaret Kavanagh. This again in the middle of the play a large group of Europeans in the audience who disagreed with the very in depicted the time outside mood up, started what they thought of it as their own language and started out. The Halls brought back down Buzo from Sydney to do *The Anniversary* which the latest light through raincoat, then moved to two times and began to get up for four weeks. A complete company was brought from Adelaide with director George Whaley to do the incredible Paul's *Come to Love Love Speech* (at Glendon Colquhoun's own women play) from the Halls by local writer Geoff Glendon about Mary/Margaret's last night of his. Frank's production of John Galsworthy's *Love Love of a Daylight* and the superb Peter play *The Mirror* came.

After nearly two years of getting theatre The Halls took a complete new turn, "Old Time Music Hall". The place was remodelled with a proscenium arch, tables and chairs. Music was added and a musical show out on with a show

man controlling proceedings.

It's success was instant. So much so that theatre in the world never returned to that extent. A lot of actors found themselves without a theatre again, but not for long. A meeting of interesting people was called in from a millionaire, a clear time was elected, City Council for Keith Frame who had become a great supporter of the Halls, and a Committee of men was elected, most of whom were. A newly built *Requiem* in Southport Street looked like it would be perfect. The Committee then turned, crossed their fingers and named it *Walter* night was in, it had been built into a theatre and opened in August 1968 with the play *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* which got great reviews but not great audiences. They had to find it again, but a larger theatre found it.

The company we started our new theatre from was also having some financial problems and wanted to sell the building, *Would we like to buy it?* Sure, but how? Another Committee was formed, again made up of good friends of the Halls and they decided to buy the building on a mortgage. The theatre would save it from there and hopefully one day it completely—old day. With this problem resolved it was back to serious theatre, but now with a larger financial responsibility, actors were paid more a particular director also appeared and just had to be taken on.

Our reputation by now warranted a small grant from the W.A. Government, but shortly in 1969 found us partly closing our own way when our members' list dropped a play into

Margot Luke Alan Cassell

Theatre in Company was adequately covering such material.

The emphasis during the year was on international theatre with a strong element of that large (during unseasonably enough) and hot Australian musical *The Company* Last and Alexander's *Wishful* *The National*, and *Breakthrough* with a bright December holiday entertainment of *Mixed Double* short plays by contemporary British writers; everything else was either tough, provocative or innovative. People are still arguing about *Amadeus*'s The Ambassador and the *Deceit* of *Amadeus*, which, to soothe the sheep, was tearfully played behind impenetrable curtains so to distance the audience from Amadeus's more offensive features. Guest directors provided a variety of styles. Hans Groen's spectacular *Amadeus* to Alexander Hay's minimalist *The Music*. There was also a chance for local actor Michael Rasmussen to try out his mime and words adrover to *Amadeus* from *Amadeus* and *Kafka's The Trial*. The only purely Australian contemporary play was *Four Seasons*, and a national response showed that the Hibbard style was beginning to find acceptance.

The Christmas problem facing a theatre like the Hole seems to be of audience loyalty, of working with a changing and very professional cast, of adapting productions to the seven plays and limitations of the theatre.

The first problem seems to have been solved with a reasonable measure of success. The nature of the continuing battle between the dramatist and the director who wishes to be innovative, and the bulk of the audience who wishes to be stimulated, but safely so, means that there is a constant state of tension, while the director

must keep just ahead of breaking point.

The work with part-time management teams has resulted in occasional examples of unfortunate timing, but no more so than in the Playhouse where the problem is caused by a small permanent ensemble demanding early on happy bills at evening. At the same time, there has been a constant renewal, talent discovered and moving on, creating a sense of expectations and discovery.

The physical limitations of the theatre are, of course, formidable. Typically called 'in the round' it is, more correctly, a square boxroom, with the audience sitting around three sides of the acting area, close enough to touch the actors and to hear them there tripping over the occasional front row floor. This is a fine line plays demanding audience dissonance or participation, but gives considerable strain on the imagination when a scene of space and control or a play relies on the visual appeal of a machine set. Probably the best productions, such as *Amadeus*, *Amadeus*, *Amadeus*, *Amadeus* and *Amadeus* were most successful in that satisfyingly effective use of fitting into the theatre.

The most amusing optical illusion was how over *Amadeus*'s *Amadeus*, which started to make the stage area and had a spectacular deal (played by Michael Rasmussen) producing within minutes of the audience.

The changing face of the Hole in the Wall may perhaps be seen as a fairly representative reflection of the state of the theatre and the temper of audiences as a whole. Its modest subsidy keeps the walls from breaking the door down, but at the same time does not allow for too much departmental self-indulgence. It might



Amadeus from *The Importance of Being*

Emmett 1992

Photo: Sally McConnel

be seen as a pre-emptive concession to creative ideal and reality that has probably always been one of the facts of life in the theatre.

HOLE IN THE WALL (Cont'd)



John Gills says: *But in My Song* with *Amadeus* playing his first part in Australia.

It seems so incredible. It was for something like three months and when we finally took it off we moved it into the Darwin Theatre at the University because we couldn't stop booking. However the thing would have soon ended off our lives because after that we suffered a reaction that kept people away in their thousands, but that had at least put us firmly in the black.

One of the most proud boasts is the early '70s was in Australia in putting on Australian plays. In those days when you did an Australian play you hoped people would come out of loyalty or curiosity. How much more important that the most successful play of 1970 was *Amadeus*, and we are fortunate to admission that it was Australian.

Amadeus from being very different plays. The Hole constantly goes very conventional. Director John Gills's first season at the Hole was a beautifully produced version of *The Importance of Being* *Emmett*. There was also *Amadeus* and *Amadeus* with dinner suits, evening gowns and songs by Neil Gwynne.

Nevertheless the Hole's purpose is to be young, vigorous and a little radical, not to play when you enjoy grants from both Federal and W.A. Governments. But then there are any strings attached to the grants but a theatre like an actor must wait for a little aged spread. And what does one do about it anyway? Well how does this sound? Meet Alexander Hays to do *The Music*, then's *Amadeus* to produce *Amadeus* from *Amadeus* and with the first.

years of *Amadeus* given to do a public performance of *The Importance of Being* *Emmett*. All that has happened in the space of three months. I think we are doing alright.

Amadeus from *The Importance of Being* *Emmett* 1992

Photo: Sally McConnel



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Theatre Buildings

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Colin O'Brien on the scandalous misuse of theatre facilities at the University of Western Australia

The University of Western Australia is better equipped with theatres than any other university in Australia. Since its range of theatres includes the unique New Fortune it is arguably one of the best equipped in the world. The persistent failure of the University to make anything approaching adequate use of its theatres is little short of scandalous.

In a local ABC programme Monday Onco I described the University's apparent attitude to the theatres as a Tay Mahal complex. The desire to create buildings which are a dream by moon light but which are fast utilised by vulgar use. I honestly think that the ordinary citizen has a right to demand of the University why it fails

to use the theatres it has been given. After all it is all our taxes which are used back to pay for university facilities and to maintain them, they are not a free gift to the university to use or not use as they see fit.

Let me briefly summarise for those unfamiliar with the University's complement of theatres in the first place there is the Octagon, a 100-seat thrust stage theatre in the Gashford model, designed by Peter Paterson with some advice by the late master. Then there is the new Delphic, a 200-seater designed by the same architect, which has among other facilities a flytower, although not as yet at its flying capabilities. This theatre replaces the old Dolphin (now used for rehearsal), a fine little theatre fashioned from an engineering workshop by the good twist and turn of James Bradley, David Bradley and Philip

Perkins among others. Next there is the Queen's Garden, an open air theatre not much used nowadays but once the venue of a number of fine productions. Lastly—and this is where I find the army of the chair push that the benches show what beneath the skin, I get my teeth and the more often run in people because the heated floor—there is the New Fortune, the only theatre in the world built to the known dimensions of an Elizabethan playhouse. The Fortune of 1600 for which the building's architect still awaits.

Why are these theatres not adequately used, either for teaching or general community cultural work? Well, it would be hard to finger a specific individual or organisation for this, except to say that several people might be regarded as being out, that some committees are incompetent or that the University bureaucracy and ideological approach to theatre has got into one or other to blame. It would be nice, but not entirely true. So before having an orchestra I am in the prime cause for the neglect of these theatres I'd like to comment in a few lines the laws of fiscal on these possible reasons.

In the first place, let us consider the notion of expediency. Is it true that when a university refuses to take the study of drama and the performance of it seriously in that they will fund neither, university drama often dies? That done by students can easily become indistinguishable from other amateur drama. A group may do *The Miser* rather than *The Merchant's Revue*, but the student play approach of the past is impossible to maintain in the present time, and the attitude 'I may not be doing anything myself, but I'll make damn sure you don't either you bastards!' easily prevails.

The University's own Performing Arts Committee appointed by the Vice-Chancellor. That they are well meaning is beyond doubt, but the probability of some have been at least questionable. To be negative I could name you at least three people in the University whose contribution to drama over the last years and professional expertise would seem to make them serious competitors, but none of whom have been asked by Mr. Big to serve on the committee. On the other hand I wonder how some of the people who have been on the committee whose highest accolade since with the performing arts is national would find it one of their of their enjoyable moments were in the hands of, my friends Yeats, I would not it is a disaster that the respective Vice-Chancellors or their Deputies in choosing the committee have taken for their ghostly Australian edition that the members of the arts are only workable if they control of people neither active nor knowledgeable in the performing arts, thus excluding the best of interest. I call it the Myth of Darwinian Paving, presumably an add-on to the tactics of a doctrine of Darwinian Queens.

But neither of these factors is insurmountable by someone really wanting to get something done, especially as the Performing Arts Committee generally want to see things happen, to save themselves embarrassment if nothing else. If that happens the attitude to theatre comes to crumpling, but it is a symptom rather than a cause.

What has to be the main cause of the University's failure to adequately support its theatrical resources is a failure of will by the academic community as a whole, motivated by the fact that history has overtaken them. Let me be explicit.

Any University which takes drama as an activity will be concerned to do two things: to treat the study of drama as a performance system as opposed to treating it as a purely literary genre, and also to recognise the per-



Above: The Delphic Theatre

Below: The New Fortune



Performance of drama on its own as a cultural activity to itself as a body and to the community at large.

Such attitudes are shown in two ways. In the first place drama will often be studied by students within a drama department as well as within the literature department, and such study counted as part of a student's progress. Secondly there will be a recognition of the value of professional texts in the work of the staff who are professionally trained, and in the payment of other recognition of professional theatrical work within the University. Where student drama is seen as not contributing to a student's studies, for example, in a class, teaching them, or the study of drama is seen as less than the study of a university subject in a different and essentially useful subject to the study of drama as literature, or where even theatrical work by staff members even with students is not recognized as work but as spare time playacting, where such attitudes prevail, drama will be in the marginal condition it is at the University of M.A.

There is no point in the University as a body planning if it studies about drama when, with all that built up capital in the way of theatres, it gives Drama a priority below Religious Studies, Philosophy, Ethnology and so on. I would guess, Home Economics. I am not knocking the other disciplines or under-valuing them, just saying that universities (but other course providers) value their values, but drama, even with its head start, is not a one of them.

I suggested earlier that the lack of value to drama seriously is linked to history teaching in the University. Let me elucidate.

In the early days before T.V., after Hitler's War, drama in Western Australia possessed an entirely different character to that of today.

There was no professional theatre except the odd visiting commercial company or prototype Old Vic type visit. There was a lot of strikes and fire insurance and unpaid professional work, but no local professional theatre in the full sense. In those days the University provided a remark-able range and quality of unaided drama, entering largely from the Department of English.

But the support role in the theatre of the day seems not to have noticed things which have happened since. Professional theatre has hit Australia but even in England, departments of drama. Now perhaps at Oxford and Cambridge still but, but at least at some universities of some standing, such as Bristol, Manchester and Birmingham.

Putting on my sociological philosopher's hat for a moment let me put forward the idea that national and neo-national societies do tend to be a generation behind the old country, where still standing for the Queen at the moment when the English would have fallen about it the idea. Similarly the concept that drama in the context of performance is not a fit study for workers is still prevalent here. Indeed closed doors permit, not rehearsal! It is feared that what will be taught is 'putting on make-up and painting faces'.

More sensible it is claimed that the university is no place to train actors: there are other places such as M.I.D.A. and the Theatre Arts Council at the West Australian Institute of Technology. Such notes are completely right to recognize the role of drama departments in universities. Their role is similar to that of a music department: to study the art form in a disciplined way in the context, for which it was created, performance. As the music department is to a conservatoire, so is a drama department to a

school of dramatic art.

I bring this up as the example of what is possible: the success of the University's Department of Music under Professor Galloway. I shall speak in getting excellent artists in residence and in generating a very real service in the provision of music to the community in a whole but not. I'm afraid it is a case of 'Galloway was there, therefore'.

The refusal to take drama seriously as a fit option is reinforced by the refusal to fund it in any and great as something which is of value to both the University and the community in large. It costs University some \$700 a night for the new Dolphin and \$950 for the Octagon. They can have budgets spread to by the Performance Arts Committee, but the bulk of the money goes back to the University by way of charges. How can a student body contemplate doing something worth the effort but not pay a fee when a ten night season costs with \$1,000 or more for the theatre?

It all goes back to the time when the University was professional at running the theatres but not as far as what went on there. We have paid managers, box office staff, actors, frequent, complex incidents, included no one wants to pay the people who direct the plays and deliver the lines. Oh, wouldn't take these figures for theatre here quoted above as gospel. I have it on the best of authority that there are strong moves in big places to up the charges. But no doubt the Performing Arts Committee will allocate more money than often, because of cost no longer people to do less. And thus the prevalence of amateur attitudes: part-time commitments and no commitment and serious commitment and funding of drama both as a discipline and as the standard of the cultural life of the community at large will ensure that little or nothing happens.

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ARTS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Western Australian Arts Council has the job of culturally enriching the lives of people spread far and wide. GAERON THOMAS explains the policies, problems, hopes and achievements of a task which ranges from funding the National Theatre to providing the sole violin for a small mining town.

The Western Australian Arts Council is a statutory body, answerable to the (State) Minister for Cultural Affairs. (Western Australia Year Book 1977 entry)

This is the state of dichotomy, of city and country—a small city, big country—needs and attitudes with no more in common than celer and cucumber, all swept together under the supportive umbrella of the Arts Council, charged to foster and encourage "the arts" throughout Western Australia.

Reduce the problem to a million. You have almost a million square miles, perhaps to spread the costs better of just over a million dollars for just over a million people.

Given some kind of built-in limbo-state, a fleet of performer-carrying jumbo jets and an underpinning with the Almighty that he would abandon the "wet season" in the Kimberleys, it would be possible to visit the joys of professional performance more democratically throughout the State.

Moreover, inevitably, the bulk of financial assistance goes to the bulk of the population in Perth. The Arts Council has a fine policy to support the major metropolitan performing companies—the National Theatre, the W.A. Ballet Company, W.A. Opera Company, and the W.A. Arts Foundation Orchestra. That support amounts to half the Council's annual rate budget, with a further \$155,000, this year mostly in the form of interest payments, to the Holo in the Hall Theatre, Fremantle Arts Centre, Goldsmiths' Art Centre, Perth Institute of Arts and Telephony, Craft Arts Centre of Western Australia, Golden and Ballroom Society, Perth City Ballet, and the Australian Youth Performing Arts Association.

Clearly, with that aid out from the gate only creates demand for the country. However,

apart from State Government funding, there is a financial allocation from the Arts Council of Australia.

And while major grants are found enough, with business to travel and further study viewed liberally, the council offers also a small grant availability for you could "special project grants, sometimes against fees or performance, interest-free loans on equipment and help with freight charges in country areas.

There are not so many policies in accepted funding procedures for a State Council only three years old. That this is the baby of Australia Arts Council is possibly at leasting grace. Unhindered by bureaucratic buffers, its twelve member council and small staff readily say "The book says here!"

Performing arts are expensive. Everyone needs more money. Everyone's need is granted in the absence of allocated purchasing, a Ceres-type one for all pattern of musical interests has gradually evolved into policy.

Written into the state council's grant is the provision of some free service to the ballet, National Theatre, Opera, and the Golden and Ballroom Society.

Perth City Ballet Company is funded, specifically, for school and country performance. And, as theatrical, classical/professional support spreads beyond the professional stage. Last year, Anna Hagan, (National Theatre) gave two tours travelling Perth to replicate 24 amateur productions for the Ballard Point, Asgard. Her workbooks and encouragement are focused in the standing and confidence of amateur groups.

In November 1976, the Arts Council brought Alexander Hays to the Holo in the Wall Theatre. His Dance's The Black, with a following (and workshop) gave the opportunity for students, teachers and teachers groups to learn of Dance's philosophy and form. David Johnston's books involved John Brown's other the Black, for the Esperance Repertory Group—120 kms from

Perth. It was, requests close, an educational experience, beyond practical and workshop requirements.

Enabling country people to enjoy city performances has proved more difficult. But its small country groups with travel and time subsidies have only been really attractive for towns situated up to 200 kms from Perth. The major components, with touring companies' best built into their grants, have toured the state occasionally, but, again, large sections of the South West have been neglected, and even at accessible, accessibility established areas, the situation has, to say the least, been static.

However, last year parallel developments in 1976 have seen a positive practical step by the country arts, both visual and performing. In March, the Council sponsored two specialists overseas, Keith Sinclair, (Landscape), and Margaret Gill, (performing arts). Their main role has been to travel the country, learning, seeing, looking, advising, assessing, listening to views, selecting on specific problems, telling of Arts Council interests, looking at existing interests, widening their adaptability to changing demands.

Margaret Gill has been developing, on return, a country arts register of groups, so that perhaps play requests can be passed on to groups owning typical copies.

Following her December visit to Albany, its arts council members directed an authentic celebration of King Kang group uniforms to the National Theatre. Because that theatre has equipped, free of charge, to amateur groups. Recently stage visits a few years for Makers' Centre to a student band leader for Odette. Perhaps they may stand for the continuing activities of country groups, they are often well.

When a group of Classification stage above on building a portable dance hall in Geraldton, Margaret was able to suggest an model a hall in the community-centred whatabout town of Broome.

In 1976, John Major, Director of the Holo in the Wall Theatre, approached the Margaret's Festival Proceedings, in the whitest town of Geraldton. Margaret had watched films of the festival plays in essential. That the officers not only help country communities, but can use their acquired knowledge to encourage a performance of all ranks into the country. In the month, they have travelled the South West, the Goldfields, the Kimberleys, the Pilbara, some of the northwest, the South East and the Upper Great Southern.

While travelling, they have spread the paper of Arts Access, a two year pilot scheme also established in 1976, sponsored by the Arts Council, to cater almost exclusively for country requirements. An annual brochure, circulated state-wide, moved suggestions for workshops, loans, professional services. The response particularly from the culturally-starved Pilbara was overwhelming. While, overall, the approach was on craft, the thrust for performing and knowledge was positive.

From the dancing town of Tom Price, a



Margaret Gill discussed with Billy Cullen "the knockabout" as in The Land of the Knockabout

teacher wrote, begging for material with which to educate. It should be their choice and learning must be their, who has, for instance, seen a wall, taller than a giraffe's or an elephant's."

One hundred and fifty children enjoyed the exciting four-day workshop. Four hundred were the Arts Access children's' artistic talents, Major Morgan, and Paul Ryan.

The Jurdacung Players, a group coming together from remote stations to perform plays, taught professional help. There was a drama request from Gurnee School of the Arts, for children with no cultural experience. From Tarpun, a mission teacher asked advice on lighting and equipment. And from Paraburdoo, one of the smallest missions that, being 1,600 miles from Perth, no longer mastered Arts Access, with a small performing unit, and single agents, has reached untapped, ignored areas. The benefit has been immense, the progress, of course, incremental.

Meanwhile, the Country's country families continue, with financial assistance for better housing and medical treatment, make camps, music and arts festivals, direct grants to country arts councils. But the financial demand is modest, compared to the city. The request will be for professional services, not government reform action. Country towns are independently resource rich, involved in the remote city sophisticated, more concerned to "do their own thing."

The first meeting, November, 1976, of a new development committee, consisting of country delegates and elected staff, considered major company touring, and voted for only a small tour, with two "new tours", which might deliberately involve the local population.

A second Arts Council "State Wide Synagogue", in March, will gather country representatives in Perth. Meetings and hearing professional endorsement, they will discuss future development. They need to report to begin to one idea.

But one often underestimates problems in time. It is the nature of the country, that applications go carefully through committee machinery, while all involved know the help is often needed today or tomorrow—but not tomorrow.

It is a simplification to categorization and definition, that, having experienced the stress at conditions of the city, Margaret Gill was able to sit down, with the Country Arts Council, to send a proposition and text to contain the three thousand lines to Sydney and Canberra in the December holidays. Eighty children, who would represent the "mainstream" in the interview and members of the "art access" involved a ten-day workshop/production.

So while the major portion of Country money goes to the city, the major portion of Country time goes to the country. In effect, there are two broad policies: one financial, one practical, equal, but different. And, in between, are the myriad regional amateur groups, city and country, opera, drama, music, and the myriad literary, scientific, city and country, for example, drama training, ballet.

Mr. Keith Roger, whose wife went to Sydney Opera Company, contributed Ballet and Paul Kim Wright, now reporting on ballet daily from the British Old Year Theatre School, become a new Oliver.

What of Keith James, first with the Australian Ballet School, now with the Company, the art scene and musicians studying in the U.K.? What will become of satisfaction, or national solutions.

In the last report, it is the country's role not only to select the stars, but, as often as possible, in many ways is possible, to catch the best of many people as possible.



National Policy

Arne Neeme, Artistic Director of the National Theatre, Perth, talks about the future of the company.

"As the State Company we are responsible for the general health of all theatre in the state. So our primary aim is to create a representative national and to become a vital part of our community.

I see a particular need then to reach our audience from the largely unrepresented, traditional theatre of the West End, of old English Play, to the more progressive mainstream of Australia and World theatre in the '70's.

We're all sorts of new subsidiary in the main one. It will sound something like promiscuity but I do think all the following are being implemented to the best of our present resources.

Firstly, as far as the community educational. Presenting a variety of first class professional theatre at a reasonable price. We have actual (the major Greenroom) programming policy so we can both consolidate old audiences and develop new ones, so we can offer both for the G.P. and a more adventurous alternative. Now, our audience is seriously hampered by the unavailability of theatre not many places can be done with a basic company of seven actors when is the result of the small size of our subsidy. So we turn towards modern areas, small sets and sets.

Providing professional services, artistic and technical, to other groups, professional and amateur. To ensure future generations a vibrant

arena, we must break down barriers between professional and amateur—mediate links between them.

Then there are our educational activities—we concentrate on the T.E.E. programmes, and aim to incorporate all our youth activity into a youth company, or better the state responsibilities, our Friends of the Playhouse—a liaison organization between company and audience.

Secondly, as far as the company itself is concerned.

Building a quality company with a strong identity. Perth's role as and has limited resources make for problems in attracting top actors from elsewhere—and that's aimed for the optimum development of local talent.

Developing new plays—our collaborative fully with Kulpis, the W.A. playwrights group. Increase touring schemes and the exchange of personnel and equipment with other professional organizations.

And finally, looking for a new home to house the company for both our Main House and Classroom productions.

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SYMPATHY FOR A CHAIRMAN

Stan Marks

A.B.C. staffed as though it had chosen chairman, John Hargard, will be able to achieve some of his aims, especially for a three-year funding period. Producers insist that such a time would enable them to plan and arrange for future productions, without fear of sudden cuts or other more hazardous, having to pursue professionals after shooting has begun. Certainly, productions are uncertain and policy and planned plans are being questioned. The *Frankie* series is just one that is in limbo.

It seems this has resulted on screen and on screen, including many who have been cast in planned productions. This means that if and when the policy and other features go ahead, recasting will have to take place in some cases, as the schedule has taken after opening. Other series can't be let go in the present economic climate.

In another area, there is hope that more attention will be given to planning of new and current affairs programmes, including bringing the two closer. This would eliminate much of the duplication which often occurs between news and current affairs programmes in the future to get on with which sometimes becomes forced to combine. But, above all, there is a renewed hope, however qualified it may or may not be, that the commission will eventually create a completely independent channel.

It is also interesting to note that among many A.B.C. staffers, supporters and recent in a strong way welcoming the need for both more of the events and substantially had programming from the commission. This goes far beyond productions and to some programmes are shared. There also a need for a third look at programming for children and young adults in general. There could almost be a new position for a Director of Young People and Children's TV planning — that could be distinct from the regular school's programming coming under the A.B.C.'s Education section. Indeed, the commission should make look at that area their own — how many, if any, have an executive who in charge of TV for young people from toddlers to teens?

Another area for A.B.C. consideration is in just how far it should sympathise with the commercial stations, remembering its charter calls for it to educate, entertain and cater for minority groups in providing programmes other than to do in its main programmes, more can be made for the more serious and serious for a constant art artists brought here by the A.B.C. own art department. There could be more regular programming, which would be aimed to its subscribers and other concerns, using A.B.C. state sympathy orchestra. This is seen a neglected area at the moment. The mind boggles at how programming could be enhanced by the A.B.C. resources in this area — after all, it is tagged as the world's largest content production body. And



Mr. J. B. Hargard, new Chairman of the A.B.C.

Photo: A.B.C.

what a way this could be to promote its aims, including to the very young and older youngsters, the audience of today as well as tomorrow.

Promoting its aims is another area for discussion. In our times (and age) there appear many areas it could attack which are currently being ignored. One hopes that these and other A.B.C. aspects will be looked at, discussed and thought through a willing to get some progress made, especially with some talented and some in the commission trying to push their own ideas and artistic values at any cost to the A.B.C.

The A.B.C. is a worthy organisation, with some of Australia's best talents in a diversity of fields. These make the organisation and its role in the future and vision of the future should ensure all talents are utilised in the best possible way so that the viewers as well as those involved in programming receive the greatest satisfaction. In catering for so many tastes, opinions and age groupings, the A.B.C.'s task is not easy. Let us hope, and ensure, they are not made harder, but that they continue to measure up to the world we live in, and, as a result, standards the commission has imposed.

Let us also be alert for any shade and provide the chairman who are willing to direct discussion for better the better opportunities in achieving this aim.

There is no doubt that Australia and, more fully, the writing profession would be much worse off without the A.B.C. All concerned with the arts of the Australian theatre and writing profession in general, and the theatre role and television, must be vitally interested in what happens to the A.B.C. which for many years has been a vital area for all our art, but especially acting. It has wanted the best made theatre directly and indirectly in many different ways and been part of our's (theatre) culture in the country. Many are the top theatre people who gained confidence and other attitudes through work with the A.B.C. and people connected with it. And, we need it now — put it in front of us. This includes objects, as well as personnel, interests and values.

Good luck Mr Hargard. There are a lot of people who would like to help you feel it all so lovely at the end of it.

Economics and the state of the nation dictate much of the content, and if we are using that — and again and again — that Piff as female delivered by Sheridan in *Waste Australia* — the content and sex lives of the middle class are also discussed in rooms, let's suppose to cause such plays are the up-to-date G.D. Gifford and Gifford one of your commentators said: "Best play of the year? Is this the best the British can do?" Before us low-voltage discussion even began, I was dazzled by the set itself: that same old "cultural" living room. This year's "best" play, *Over the Border* by Dennis Cossart has the same set and the same structure. But Jiff has his. It's the 60's experience had a certain bloodiness, some callousness about them, were more interested in his new subject, in concepts than in people. The people were considered in more political points. Nowadays we want to be writing up individuals and creating their lives and their words, quite anxiously, for signs that we are going to survive it, perhaps, in our general moods, for signs that corroborate our conviction that we are not.

Theatre Australia teaches me much about the state of not only the Australian theatre but the national sensibility. I note sometimes, with alarm, that my footprints at the last National Playwrights' Conference were not unfounded: that many artistic people have difficulty in articulating a clear, comprehensible argument or some graphic description. The verbal incoherence of people at that conference's podium was staggering. People whose tools were words, whose profession or art, whose very life depended upon the use of words, stumbled along with "in—well—well—ah—ah—yes—yes" in their principal verbal building blocks. My favourite was the quite seasoned writer and influential Person who mentioned an ABC production "that had something quite artistic about it." The magazine also quotes me because of the report of theatre activity, a comment and the multi-dimensional impression one thus forms. *Spent* (Hutchinson) is the A.P.G.'s best-known group in *The Young Men* (Gee). Kate Brennan in the *Black Theatre* (Gee) is the catalyst, as Stephen Spens, the delight of Wherrett's timidity, at Gordon Chisholm's talent and passion and his resolution, by employment, of a generation almost forgotten and, when introduced, dismissed. The greatest task of writing and staging the *Under* trilogy. *Heart* is his best date before, one last playing three plays in one day apart from the P.B.C. *Wave* of the *Wave*: the *Avicenna* trilogy. *Norman Caspary* does one unforgettable Saturday in the Greenwich Theatre before the company moved into town and what is evident at the end of it, comedy being exhausting to keep light and alive. With *Avicenna* by the way, one doesn't mind the one minor set, the middle class mink, because one knows that he is going to send it up again. I think most discussion in *T.A.* is the sense of playwriting's obsolescence, and its relevance. The *Tom* Markis case again is subtle in which, though I question his thesis, he made some telling criticisms of some and Australian sensibility. The seasons' business of having to defend the extent of subsidy at all. The work at *Shakespeare* is a statement in posing that few Australian theatres would allow him the freedom to experiment unconcernedly that the Court has taken for granted month by month since by which, by virtue, surely all those experiments I've been reading about in *T.A.* are irrelevant to a similar spirit in Australia (though I'm not for some time now I have avoided the case with which other writers can get new plays in, and the growing sense that a play such as *Electron* of Benjamin Franklin can be a small but genuine commercial success in Sydney.



Top: *Simulation by simulation*. Tyson's first coach party performance *Chris Christie*

Bottom: *Depose des prophètes*. A Chorus Line did not offer all collapse. Photos: Plays and Players



Ballet

A TRYING OUT PERIOD

William
Shoobridge

As was mentioned a couple of issues back, the Australian dance scene is undergoing a tremendous shake-up: changes of staff administration, artistic directorship—and a very grim situation in terms of money and box office income.

The trouble is not limited to the dance scene of course; it's happening all over the country to practically every institution of artistic endeavour, but dance always feels it more acutely.

More acute because dance in Australia, being the real Cinderella of the arts has always existed on the brink of financial disaster. It still isn't understood completely enough in the country (and that is becoming increasingly so) the trouble of physical exertion and effort, it is therefore a comparatively minor interest and audiences have to be continually won.

All of this excepting the Australian Ballet of course. That institution has always managed to survive and has been the only continuously performing artistic enterprise of Australasia. (You really can't tell me that the cost of touring *The Merry Widow* takes ballet to America and England is comparatively less expensive than transporting say the Australian Opera's *Agnesi*.)

The comparatively new, Dance Company

(D.C.W.) has always stressed the fact it, unlike solely in the two understood "modern" dance has consistently managed to keep its head above water.

With the Ballet Victoria having recently crashed around our ears and the once dilapidated Australian Dance Theatre and now beginning to struggle towards the light, the Dance Company is the only professional hope of modern dance in Australia. And even here things were rather touchy, a few months ago. Their last season at the Mavora Centre with the Anna Sokolow works wasn't the smash hit they (or at least some of the dancers) had expected.

Added to that was the nagging fear that with the departure of Jess Flax as Artistic Director, the Australia Council funding that fell thereby when he arrived might be taken back. Happily that hasn't been the case, and the Company, with Graeme Murphy as their new Artistic Director, has embarked upon an ambitious project of giving free performances as part of the Festival of Sydney as well as preparing for their forthcoming season at the Opera House in March.

Graeme Murphy was for a long time a dancer with the Australian Ballet and occasionally left

it to go freelancing as a choreographer. His choreography shows promise, with a decidedly interesting sense of wit and intelligent design, but still he is an unknown commodity as an Artistic Director. Whether he and General Manager Michael Goodwin will be able to raise the Company through the treacherous financial rough this year (let alone generate new audience interest) has yet to be seen.

The audience deserves success, not merely because Murphy is Australian, but because both he and the Company itself is dynamic, young and urgently involved in getting modern dance and its techniques firmly embedded in the Australian audience's appreciation. A lot of this of course will depend both on the technical quality of the dancers and the part of personality they project out from the stage.

When Flax left, a lot of the former dancers left with him, some went to Ballet Victoria and a few have since gone overseas. The present company has a couple of old stalwarts in its ranks, a few dancers from Ballet Victoria, some from other state ballet companies and others as yet entered on the professional stage. What needs to happen now is for the dancers to learn to work cohesively together as one group on



Now: Wentruckova, Mitchell Smith, Marilyn Lohmeyer & Pioneer Brockhoff in Graeme Murphy's *Variations*

Photo: Denise Co. 08 4471

vague and build up a feeling of tenderness in the audience that watch them.

For this reason, the performances in the Sydney Town Hall as part of the Festival were a great triumph and proved one which will act as a constructive jumping off point for the upcoming March series in the Opera House. Graham Murphy's Sequence IV for the Barre studio of the same name) is one work that will be performed in that period. It's a completely thought-out and well-constructed work, showing some traces of Gino Tardis in its overall design. A sparse, essential one with a strong, fluidity form about it, the moves are out of the loose "choreographed" vocabulary and there are small, distinctive, pulls to the side and reflections that aren't part of the ballet lexicon. The three dancers move in sequence (naturally) and the movement of each dancer affects the quality and style of the others. Each dancer seems controls the other, held upon held, and dictates the form of the movement that follows. The piece has the look and feel of a classical piece but none seen in a fractured mirror or through a distorting lens.

It was interesting to have this piece on the same program as Norman Macdonald's Pas de Deux. The same small but effect of two in a classical style are present form too, but where Sequence IV is stark and serious, Pas de Deux is languorous, between and full of regret. Perhaps the most (the last of Macdonald's Russian songs) is a good indicator, as in one pose in those beautiful songs there is a mixture of "the two children, with their tottering little games, on the sand." The children were of course Macdonald's, and he had a morbid dread of them dying (in fact one did), and one can see the steel mirror of those lives in the haunting song, all during lives and time spent searching for us in "Drooping dying fall", of John Cranko's shoulders. And it was impressively and touchingly performed.

As for Daniel Matosky's A Clear Place, directed by Jacques Canotil and accompanied by a precious orchestral synthesis of Messiaen's work. Guidance—it was impeded without apparent reason. It's always suspicious of dance pieces where the dancers find their arms, lost weapons and run round the stage in helical circles, the world nearly always are just that, world.

A Clear Place was no exception.

The last work on the program, Murphy's Volcanoes was ideally suited to the grand night scene of the Sydney Town Hall. It gave the the full, choreographic work plenty of room to breathe and the echo and sound of the enormous Town Hall organ playing the brass chords of Lager's piece (Volcanoes), gave the performance an underlying sense of drama and mystery. Let's hope that when the Opera House Concert Hall's organ is finally completed, they get to perform the work there.

Volcanoes starts off with a variation on the Cosmic Big Bang theory, one tightly bodied or one breaking up into cells and dust that work in areas of their own. Things just gradually along for a while but about half way through it, Murphy seems to have lost his thread or inspiration and the ballet just walls through to the end. Perhaps this an intentional symbol about the Universe running down, I don't know. It is also reminded the end by a familiar habit of Murphy's in the works of his that I have seen, of using the dancers as mobile platforms, compressions and expand. I know it's a favorite habit of choreographers to do this these days, but the greatest concern in the medium, Ballet, that, Tokyo. Van Manes has been doing this work on a recognizable human form, with all its strengths and limitations and



André Teyssie and Judith Harari in Norman Macdonald's Pas de Deux

Photo: Denis Co. (N & W)

their work has increased in power and variety ability because of it.

Anyway, Volcanoes shows plenty of moment, and hopefully can be twisted and made to cohere a little more. In fact, at the moment a few strings and crystal are being that will make the reaching sweet and from its power in distillation. When one watches the work of

dancers, looking towards the start at the back of the hall, one is left with the awe (and a glimpse of beauty) before off after having just demolished a whole world. Not very pleasant, but I may see you some idea of the potential of this extremely interesting piece of work by a very intelligent and well loved choreographer (me).

Opera



Robert Allen (Mikael) with Jean Caron (Suzanne) in the A. D. Cantata

Summer

David Gyger

In order to make the best possible use of the high-tech concert hall of the Sydney Opera House, the Australian Opera has made its own major rifts in its traditional repertoire. "Milk's Ark," right from the start of its rather phenomenal touring season on this stage in January 1993. And unlike most opera productions, where the opening cast is given several performances over a period of days—or even weeks—the battle in between new casts is unrelenting. Audiences were played by the A. D. using a kind of platoon system, with at least the four most important roles being filled by an alternate "team" night from opening night.

Such tactics are inevitable if one is to sustain a number of performances of works like *Ark* in a limited period of time—single-past season de jure in such demanding roles as Julia, Amara, Reddick, or Amara. In an extensive rights deal of course they tend to add space to the opera-house of the stage in the form of a number of being able to see and compare more than one performance of a particular work in the same season. They also resulted, in mid January this year, in one of the most phenomenally exclusive trunks in comparative studies: one is ever likely to witness. Much of the time, an opening night, the singing was thrilling in itself, but at no stage did the performance make less than a good impression. A more than four days later, at the second performance of the afternoon cast, the drama was there in abundance though some of the singing was obviously less impressive. (And more cruelly, the opening performance was long on the big moves and the grandiose gestures, and short on the dramatic content, the other cast was more ahead in terms of dramatic impact though it would have lost a good many technical points had one been following its experience in a museum.)

In their own way, these two *Ark* casts were a perfect demonstration of what is the personal problem of all opera: which ought to come first the music or the drama? And it might be something of a consolation in the realm of a dramatized magnitude such as this to have the admit that there was no doubt whatever in my mind but that the second performance was far and away the better of the two, despite the fact that it was far more flawed musically. Yet of course it was far more as simple as that, for even on the limited cast of the four major principals such a statement is not wholly true.

On the two mainstays of the role cast there will be the most disappointing. I say, for there are those who find convincing what I considered to be overblown, stylized posturing in the opening night performance of Christina Gaudenzi, and her singing was at times most impressive—capable of cutting through the loudest screams of orchestral and vocal sound in the great assemblies without ever going harsh and unpleasant to the ear. But at no stage did she convince me that she was really a woman in between love and lust or a woman too haughty to be a sympathetic love object, too off hand to be a sympathetic love object, too off hand to be a sympathetic love object, too off hand to be a sympathetic love object.

Season

tonette daughter. Of course, part of the drama has to be shared between the other principals, but Adele, as the pivotal character, really unfolds in drama, simply must create her own follow actors much more strongly than the if a performance is to have anywhere near reaching the vibrant potential of this magnificent opera.

Reginald Dyer is certainly a big man, a beautiful guy, very nice, but his Redemptor, as this occasion, was all lost, devoid of passion and of volume. Laura Sims' America was not always as full and rich of voice as we have come to expect of her over the years, nor was she as involved in the action as she ought to have been. John Shaw's Amos was just as lost, and could have rounded out all otherwise strong ensembles of principals magnificently, but unfortunately Amos was a good deal less central to the success of a performance of Adele than the other three major principals, and his efforts went largely in vain.

At least in the performance I saw this summer, I would have to say that Marilyn Richardson's Adele was marginally below her best, vocally it lacked weight, here and there, compared with Richardson's, and the odd soprano falter every dramatically. But her flaws in the vocal domain were far more than offset by her thoroughly convincing dramatic performance, whenever she is on stage, the commands are broken—though without ever leaving me to forget she is involved in a drama, not merely giving a technical virtuoso display. And her support in the afternoons was totally excellent.

Donald Dwyer, made to be defined as Redemptor as an age when most actors would be a wing it up, was remarkably outside the norm as much from vocally, especially in a role of 180 or so, as he had the feeling that he was about to prove himself unable to cope vocally. But, eleven performers that he is, he gave his all when it mattered most, and the overall result was most vigorous. Margaret Elliott was a very fine America, starting for what the historic post-1960s of 1970 by a magnificent dramatic realization of the role. Robert Allman's Amos was quite hardly as heated, it is a vital thing, there that he seems to be able to surpass his own elevated standards year after year (perhaps a little special occasion). To such new role he tackled, creating such new character yet without undue fussiness in his release, always pleasing and rich of vocal tone.

There was sound, Tom Leppard's infinitely creative design for the concert hall Adele as beginning to show their age a little, those of us who have seen the production live (and it has, now, can hardly fail to be increasingly aware of the lack of some final that were all but unneeded in the excitement of first acquaintance. As its master convention, it is to complain a director felt into a superb sense for false steps (perhaps the basic design is usually flawed, but further refinements are clearly needed if Adele is to stay in the repertoire very much longer). A few more props, perhaps, or a slight change in some of the costumes, though the more thoughtful innovations of the original set design—the bust and model of the Nile river, the huge ship of the

Temple of Vulcan, the shadowed effect of the bar scene, seems as impressive as ever.

Erica Falck's Adele's bare contrast to her thought was splendid, adding the light and shadow. Sydney Crossman and the other huge vocal forces in support, the vocalists, which last year seemed to have lost some of its original enthusiasm, was back in force from this time round. And vocal more or less to be made of three of the three principals. Great Dickson, whose America is a most impressive, full-bodied piece of singing and a powerful role, some, Alan Light's ever reliable performance as the King of Egypt, and Robert Dwyer's a part of the thought, ethical off-age priorities in the second scene.

The summer season opened with a revival of *Delius's* *Garden* featuring a superb performance from Joan Carole in the title role, who played for the second time that she is perfectly capable of following in the footsteps of Joan Sutherland without seeming to be a pale shadow of a first solo of her more illustrious namesake. Just as she made a personal triumph of the hour by roles in *The Tale of Marlowe* last year she made *Delius's* her own, her voice rang back the glorious proportions of Sutherland's and no other soprano, but it is equally beautiful and versatile in a more modest way, and she conveys a good deal more dramatic involvement in just about everything she does. Anita Austin gave one of her best performances in *Garden*, singing very well and acting adequately, though not a trifle too stiff upon top for comfort. Robert Allman was a reliable new Redemptor, and Margaret Sims a very fine Margie.

The first act performance of *Delius's* I saw during the summer season could hardly have been more impressively less like anyone before on opening night, Robert Allman's tempo, particularly in the first act, added perfectly to the role of the role as a thoughtful (and Russell Chappel seemed full-on in setting a world speed record in the prelude and the vocalists' quartet of Act II), as well as deep in colors of their vocalists at several points early in the piece, by passing on regardless of the fact that the tempo and orchestra were available in the audience. But he settled down in the afternoon program, and it ended up being a very good performance in most respects.

On opening night, Heather Legg showed promise of being a very good America, by the time she had relaxed and perfected her performance to the brink of excellence and beyond. Her Segovia, as the first act was absolutely marvellous by the measure, as was her singing about on both occasions, and where she had proved a little nervous to release the initial anxiety on opening night, she allowed herself to become the thoroughly desirable, not least, nearly independent creature she ought to be by the end of the act. Her husband's name is a beautiful, travelling piece of work, he would need no on any stage in the world.

At the premiere, Ron Stevens recalled his own discovery of Don Juan with *Huguenot* throughout the 1976 winter season, and added a new measure of vocal smoothness to the big support of the first three weeks of the summer season was provided at the premiere when Geoffrey Harris of the opera studio, in early transfer from the Göttingen Opera Company, stepped in for an evening. Stevens' last moment, undoubtedly, there seemed extremely nervous to show off with. Don Juan is a more than somewhat daunting role to make one's first debut in, particularly in the shadow of a fine performance as Don Juan's and opposite as strong a German as Ross.

But once he got going, his reading of the role



Margaret Elliott (America) & Marilyn Richardson (Adele) in the *A. D. A.*

was thoroughly convincing, though markedly different from Stevens' vocal, it was not always quite there quite some were superb, still not very impressive. But it was well thought out dramatically, conveying logically and with subtlety from the conclusion of the opening scene to the tentative frustration of the last. Legg and he had the audience sitting on the edge of their seats during the final scene. It was a thoughtful, gripping, dramatically effective performance.



AUSTRALIAN CENTRE - INTERNATIONAL THEATRE INSTITUTE

ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA IN CONTEMPORARY THEATRE

The conference was officially opened by Greek President Constantine Karamanlis, at the request of the Hellenic Republic under the Association, which in the dramatic history of Athens was held from 470 B.C. onwards. The ceremony was followed by a reception in the foyer of the Herakleion, where two occasions on the theme of the meeting, through independent, or groups which were useful for the delegates to visit and learn about the theatre.

At the start of the discussion, Taki Theodoridis and Anna Synetos were invited to point out that the conference aimed at a sharing of experience and ideas, and that specific reactions on any aspect of ancient drama in contemporary theatre could be expected. In general, the papers presented and the discussions that followed reflected a consensus of appreciation and delight in solving the problems raised by particular productions of ancient plays.

Most general subject was expressed by two Greek directors, Charles Costas and Spyros Evangelatos.

Costas, founder in 1942 of the director of the Art Theatre, gave the opening report on 'the director and ancient drama today'. His company has toured productions of ancient tragedy and comedy over most of Europe during the past 15 years, with great success.

His approach, he said, to ancient drama, is to understand and analyse and then to create an emotional response in the audience, through the use of movement and rhythm in speech and action, particularly in change words. Much of the atmosphere is created with the help of ritual and costume from modern Greek folk festivals, which, he said, are the closest we can come to the dramatic high art of ancient Greek theatre.

Costas stressed the importance of providing visual and social interest and variety in production of ancient drama, and avoiding rhetorical emphasis on speech and argument. "I believe that within a ritual form, the most effective way of expressing the old-old truths of ancient drama, which are based on myth and events which stand out regardless of race and time, is through metaphor and symbol," he said.

Costas concluded by pointing out that the theatre is the leading actor in ancient drama. "It is through the theatre that the poet makes contact with his audience and expresses his intentions, and the director must always remember this," he said.

The delegates saw Costas's ideas in work later in the week, both in performance and in rehearsal, with a production of *Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound* in the ancient theatre of Epidaure on the island of Mykonos, and in a series of open rehearsals at the small basement theatre in Athens.

The British performance, in a revised late classical style overlooking the Gulf of Greece, showed very enjoyable and well-acted moments, though few of the audience knew the play or could understand more than half a dozen words of Greek in modern Greek spoken out loud for the script. We saw an unusual but intense combination of elements from British folk festivals combined with excerpts from the Turkish Karagöz and shadow play tradition, brought up

in their own modern sound track at times in the background.

Representatives of the Chorus from *Aeschylus' Seven Against Thebes* and the *Phaenomena* (Plato) and Costas's approach to ancient tragedy, were more significant and simple groups of masks and costumes to create a background against which his ideas could present the action and argument. Costas's actors were physically very tall and a lifetime clear that his chorus work required a good deal of training and discipline.

Spyros Evangelatos, a young Greek director whose Amphitruon company played abroad for the first time this year, with a stage adaptation of a 19th century Greek epic poem, the *Andromeda*, presented the second report on the director's approach to ancient drama.

He emphasized that contemporary productions of ancient plays have to be closely related to the needs and expectations of the particular countries where they are performed. "There is a great gap between a Mediterranean or Greek production where emotion and spontaneity of feeling is of paramount importance, whereas in the western world technical technique, and the other countries," he said. "Each director has to bridge the gap between the Mediterranean tradition and ancient drama and the outlook of his own community, and must justify an ancient play in a way which can have meaning in terms of his own country's experience."

A visit by delegates to Evangelatos' production of *Antiphonias' Prometheus Bound* presented a new Greek and ancient, the summer forms of his own work, illustrated the approach. His production, in the style of a 19th century Athens street scene, with actors wearing "dressed" shaggy hair, with their own Greek costumes, around the musical tradition of modern Athens theatre, which, he said, is the most, and the most of a much wider Greek audience than could otherwise be expected.

A discussion on the history of ancient drama which followed a highly technical paper by the chief Hellenic delegate on preparing the visual qualities of ancient drama in modern translations, raised the problems of visual output in translation and the use of ancient language. The problems of making acting additional from a modern drama translation, and the actor's function in a playhouse were also discussed by the Minister of Culture, Paul Constantinos Triantafyllou, a former Oxford University lecturer in classical literature, contributed a classical scholar's view of ancient tragedy with undergraduate school, using and implementing early ideas of the costume, style, masks and props. He was followed by the ancient scholar and commentator on classical drama.

Yannis Kourkoulas, the best known modern Greek composer, presented his report on the history of the production of *Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound* and *Antiphonias' Prometheus Bound*.

He also proposed that some form of compensation for productions of ancient plays should be introduced in Greece, where young directors and actors from different countries could participate in the production of ancient plays in classical theatre in the form of *Epiphonias' Prometheus Bound*. "There would open up a window on a broader Athens in respect of ancient tragedy, rather than performance in a rehearsal or

intellectual act," he said.

An expansion to Athens included a memorial to the memory of *Antiphonias' Prometheus Bound* in the theatre of Epidaure at the end of the conference. It was an ancient structure, and the evening program was when Mr. Synetos called on the staff of Epidaure and showed an interesting number of theatre which showed beyond the modern world.

The conference produced no final conclusions or conclusions of recommendations, but as it ended, Professor Triantafyllou announced that the Ministry of Culture and the Hellenic Republic would begin work at the Theatre of Epidaure, to restore much of the building and study the same building remains so that it could be used once again for performances of ancient plays. He also announced to the participants a plan to build another permanent open-air theatre in the Acropolis, to be used specifically for the production of ancient plays by Greek and foreign companies.

GREEK FESTIVAL

The International Theatre Conference held in Athens from the 3rd to the 11th of July 1976 was organized by the Hellenic Centre of the I.T.I.

More than 120 delegates from 32 countries attended the meetings, among them the Hellenic Centre from outside Greece. Sessions were held in an air-conditioned comfort at the National School of Graduate Studies, with simultaneous translation into French, English or Greek. The text of the reports and documents of the conference will be published in a special number of the *Hellenic Theatre Centre Bulletin* (Zagreb). Among delegates were Martin Cullinan from the U.S. Centre of the I.T.I., Paul Louis Mignot from France, Suzanne Gail from Hungary, Jesse Weisberg from Israel, Peter Schneider from the Netherlands, Walter Kuhn from the Democratic Republic of Germany, Paul Nagel from the Federal Republic of Germany, Rado Bolgari from Romania, Ingrid Lohmann from Sweden and others from 32 I.T.I. Centres around the world.

During the Conference, meetings and guided tours in archaeological sites as well as in modern sites took place.

The above is reported from the report on the Hellenic Centre of the United Nations International office in Athens. She participated as an observer and representative of the Australian Centre.

ITI FORTY FOUND

John Collins will be replaced by Ben Aronson as director of the I.T.I. Foundation for six months from 1 February 1977.

But is a New Zealander with a diploma in journalism from Wellington. She had worked for several years with various newspapers before working in London for the Metropolitan Publishing Company in 1974/75. Since then she has been at the Hellenic Theatre Centre Trust in Sydney in charge of theatrical productions. As a scholar she dealt with the Krutskiy Mary (the Greek Tragedy), having so far appeared in two films, and has also supervised a production of the I.T.I. Theatre of the Dead. We welcome her replacement.

BOOKS

Helen van der Poorten

Three Popular Plays, by Jack Hibberd (Dutton Press, Melbourne 1998) Rerecommended Retail Price \$3.25

Having been criticised by the press and the Canberra Times last year for saying at the Playwrights Conference that I thought we needed more "popular theatre" (words I still feel extremely sorry of in hindsight), I was delighted to see that Jack Hibberd has done justice to this very term by publishing three of his "popular" plays—*One of Nature's Gentlemen*, *A Taste of Wildlife*, and *The L.A. Darry Show*. Hibberd has moreover spent some time in his introduction explaining what he means by popular theatre in a way I'm sure I could never have done, so I am presently contenting myself to identify some of his comments for my later use.

Of the three plays, *A Taste of Wildlife* is the best known by now, and its attractive mixture of witty interplay and Australian twist-on themes that it is readable as it is popular. That it is criticised as a collection of little one-liners, especially as stage directions are often not distinguished clearly enough from the dialogue and speakers

seems as justified occasionally but generally is made very well, and leaves out Hibberd's theory of a theatre which can "hold and play that with a cluster of three local movements." I would quibble with the "of" before and being referred to both *Wildlife* and *The L.A. Darry*, and with the error to which Hibberd really groans for forcing the claim that psycho-logical explanation forms part to death, but I don't know whether, say, *Wildlife* is necessarily logical. Even so, in his examination of some established figures and traditions Hibberd has shown himself more sure than the play itself seems to be. He plays J. G. Ballard's 1989 Nobel playwright and has not lost their Street 1 Spirit.

For most playwrights and directors and readers I should thank *One of Nature's Gentlemen* will prove the explanation's history as described as "a readable form," a kind of a series of suggested parables games which combine physical with intellectual impact. For it is reason his desire. The play has been repeatedly used in community theatre tours of festivals, and one into which we would expect popularisation to plunge. But Hibberd, in a note prefacing this play, points out one pitfall with "popular" plays for the amateur and/or is expert when he refers to gender role reversal in recent psychology. Commenting that these traditions have not been "taken down with" but preserve important stories, he makes the point that such reversal might not be appropriate for the first of his plays.

For the first of his plays, *Wildlife* it seems to me that the same might be said of casting all of these popular plays—the interpretation of characters with as *Wildlife* and *Wildlife*, the setting, and the script.

JACK HIBBERD



changes of tone all call for the variety and expertise of the art. Hibberd's pathos and the irony is turned before subjected to the "openness and content style" to which Hibberd refers in the general

introduction. If this is so, that we could say that one, the amateur, must for popular theatre might have to be prepared, and we are back into the traditional situation which has led to the same multifarious claim that popular theatre surely exists to challenge.

Once judged as modernism, however, the kind of theatre must be considered the greatest single influence on the "modernism" of Australian drama during the 1960s. Hibberd's that looks explanation in the uppermost middle consciousness of the Australian middle class is a tale for generally popular (though) entertainment in the theatre on account for the success of the A.P.D. and its members. Hibberd's then constantly use the loss of vocabulary and business at having closed our awareness of other theatrical communication, and clearly the three plays have established up the theatre and mutual interaction of both forms. Hibberd, in popular theatre, he claims, need not be a joke, but an entertainment but it is very likely to be concerned with *Wildlife* and then part one.

Ironically, says Hibberd, "the theatre, intrinsically the very commercial of the art, is doing the least commercially despite its solid success." It is to be hoped that the timely publication of his plays as well as adding to our knowledge of such a remarkable Australian playwright, reminds us of the theatre's obligation to reach its audience.

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